HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED

At the THEATRE-ROYAL, Covent-Garden.

Written by FREDERIC PHILON.

= Pilon

THE FIFTH EDITION.

DUBLIN:

Printed for and sold by the BOOKSELLERS in Town and Country,

M,DCC,XC.

Vet. A5 e. 2663

Rothwell 7/519 D

BODLEIAN
P
16 APR 1958
LIBRARY

PROLOGUE,

Written by the AUTHOR of the COMEDY, and ſpoken by Mr. FARREN.

PROLOGUES were firſt plain, ſimple bills of fare;
You juſt were told your entertainment there.
Without parade, or aim at brilliant hit,
Genius was thrifty then, as rich as wit.
Our modern bards a diff'rent plan purſue,
And a fair outſide always hold to view;
With paint and jeſt the prologue ſtill muſt play,
And ſtrike each inſect folly of the day.
But folly now unſtricken, wild and ſly.
For the muſe waſts a ſav'rite to the ſky:
Can little objects charm or fill the mind,
When Howard's claims are known to all mankind?
Diſtance and clime in him excite no fears;
He viſits dungeons, and the ſick-bed chears;
Feaſleſs of danger, nobly on he goes,
Round the whole globe, to heal the wretches woes;
Brother to all who like himſelf had birth,
He walks his Maſter's meſſenger on earth;
And in the monument his country rears,
That country a divided glory ſhares,
To a great people, thus to merit true.
Why for our bard ſhou'd we protection ſue?
Worth ſtill you foſter: and where faults are found,
You probe to heal, and not enlarge the wound.
The reaſon ſtrong that guides your ev'ry aim,
Cancels or ſeals diſintereſted fame.
If Engliſh genius, ſoaring eagle high
All nations, drops ſtill in a lower ſky,
It is becauſe the ſons of fame well know,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, you beſtow.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

Colonel Talbot,	Mr, Aicken.
Sir Oliver Oldſtock,	Mr. Quick.
Captain Crevelt,	Mr. Lewis.
Mandeville,	Mr, Farren,
Count Pierpont,	Mr. Wewitzer.
Wilkins,	Mr. Fearon.
Caleb,	Mr. Edwin.
Amber,	Mr. Thomſon.
Johnſon,	Mr. Brown.
Servant to Colonel,	Mr. Helme.

WOMEN.

Charlotte,	Mrs. Pope.
Lady Oldſtock,	Mrs. Webb.
Harriet,	Mrs. Wells.
Mrs. Wilkins,	Mrs. Brown.
Betty,	Miſs Stuart.
Nancy,	Miſs Rowſon.

1792.

HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Mrs. Wilkins, *followed by* Johnson.

Mrs. Wilkins.

THERE's no such thing as stirring out of doors for the fellows now-a-days.—I beg, Sir, you wou'd not follow me any farther.

Johnson. I cannot leave you, my sweet, divine, charming girl!

Mrs. Wil. To how many, now, have you repeated the same lesson before you met me this morning?

Johns. To how many! Were a dozen such fine women as yourself to appear every day in public, there would be no such thing as walking the street for you; a man should have a piece of flint in his breast.

Mrs. Wil. He's a good handsome fellow, and don't talk badly.—Then you will persist in following me?

Johns. How can I help it? I follow a fine woman by instinct, — Do, my dear, kind, cruel angel, tell me where you live. [*Takes hold of her hand.*

Mrs. Wil. But to what purpose? I can never see you?

Johns. Why not, my love?

Mrs. Wil. Lord, I am an old married woman? [*Faint-*

by struggling to disengage her hand.) You wicked devil, leave me. The neighbours will take notice, and I shall get a bad name by you.—Do go—I'm just at home.

Johns. But which is the house you live at?

Mrs. Will. I can't tell you—besides, I think I see my husband talking to the orange woman at the door; in the straw hat and scarlet cloak, with a little curly-pole boy in her hand, eating ginger-bread.

Johns. Why, that's the George inn. 'Sdeath! do you live there?

Mrs. Will. Oh, you devil! I shall be ruined if ever you come after me.

Johns. Zounds! it's the very house I was going to.—Isn't it kept by one Jacob Wilkins?

Mrs. Wil. Yes, it is.

Johns. We're quite at home now—I suppose you're old Jacob's daughter.

Mrs. Will. I happen to be old Jacob's wife, tho'.

Johns. Pray, my dear, how long have you been married?

Mrs. Will. A long time, Sir.

Johns. Not a long time, I am sure, from your looks.

Mrs. Will. Looks are very deceitful, especially those of married folks. I was married Candlemas day, five—long—months.

Johns. Poor creature! you have had a tedious time of it.

Mrs. Will. But what's your business with Jacob Wilkins? Can't I do it?

Johns. Then you do Jacob's business sometimes?

Mrs. Will. To be sure I do, when he's out of the way. Poor man! it's a great relief to him.

Johns. But this is a matter on which I must see himself. —Col. Talbot, a gentleman of whom I think you must have heard, if you be Wilkin's wife, has wrote to him, and desired I would see him in consequence of that letter; were you at home when he received it?

Mrs. Will. No, I was not, Sir: but I have often heard of Col. Talbot: he's an Oxfordshire gentleman: his family, I hear, was the making of Wilkins. Lord! he has

been a long time in the Indies, and, I'm told, has made a power of money. But is he come here, Sir?

Johnſ. He is; and ſince his return has been down in Oxfordſhire, in ſearch of Wilkins, whom he thought he ſtill lived; and would have come here himſelf now, only he's very much indiſpoſed.

Mrs. Will. Bleſs your heart! Jacob Wilkins has been in town, and kept the George inn theſe ten years.

Johnſ. He has made a very ungrateful return to his benefactor, Col. Talbot. My maſter thought him dead, not having heard from him ſo many years: a conduct that was unpardonable, conſidering his obligations to the Colonel, and the great truſt repoſed in him.

Mrs. Will. Great truſt! Lord, Sir! what was it?

Johnſ. Why, Colonel Talbot left a ſon in his care—but come along, and I'll tell you the whole ſtory by the way.

Mrs. Will. We muſt not be ſeen together for the world; my huſband is as jealous as the vengeance. Take a turn down this next ſtreet, and let me go home alone. Follow me in about ten minutes; but take care you don't ſpeak to me as if you had ſeen me before.

Johnſ. My dear Mrs. Wilkins, what do you take me for? Do you ſuppoſe I never paid a viſit to a married woman in my life? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Bar of the* George *Inn.*

Enter Caleb *followed by* Wilkins, *who appears greatly agitated.*

Caleb. What do you knock me about for at this rate? Don't I ſlave like a horſe from morning till night? I wiſh I had gone for a ſoldier as my brother did!

Wil. Your brother, you dog! I wiſh I never had ſeen either of your faces.—What ſhall I do I have no ſon to reſtore him! [*Bell rings violently.*

Ca. Coming! coming!—There's a bill wanted in the General Elliot.

Wil. Let them wait.

Ca. But ſuppoſe they won't wait, who'll pay off the ſcore?

Wil. Out of my ſight, ſirrah, or I'll pay off your ſcore—Don't you ſee my temper is ruffled?

Ca. Yes, and I feel it too. [*Bell rings.*] Coming! coming up, Sir!

Enter Mrs. Wilkins.

Mrs. Wil. My dear Mr. Wilkins, what's the matter? The whole houſe ſeems turn'd topſy-turvy.

Wil. I am ruin'd.

Mrs. Wil. Ruin'd! Oh, heav'n forbid!

Wil. I ſay, woman, I'm undone; and the ſooner I'm out of England, the better.

Mrs. Wil. Lord, Lord! you terrify me out of my wits, Jacob!

Wil. Suppoſe the beſt friend you had in the world had entruſted an only child to your care, and that thro' neglect you had loſt him, what wou'd you have to ſay for yourſelf?

Mrs. Wil. And is that caſe yours, my dear?

Wil. It is.

Mrs. Wil. But tell me how it happen'd.

Wil. You have frequently heard me make mention of Colonel Talbot, in whoſe family I was brought up?

Mrs. Wil. To be ſure I have.

Wil. It is a ſon of his I have loſt.

Mrs. Wil. You aſtoniſh me! But how came ſo great a man's ſon to be left in your care?

Wil. Why, you muſt know that Colonel Talbot, previous to his going abroad, was privately married to a beautiful girl; who waited on his mother: he had a ſon by this girl; and as the child came into the world juſt as he was obliged to embark with the army for Portugal, the war before laſt, he left him in my care, deſiring me to let him paſs for my own till his return; and in caſe he was kill'd, to continue the deception till the death of his father,

Mrs. Wil. And has the Colonel never been in England ſince?

Wil. Never till within theſe few days; therefore his

ſon continued with me till he was twelve years old, when I loſt him.

Mrs. Wil. In what manner did you loſe him.

Wil. I cannot be certain: but, as he was a boy of great ſpirit, and ever prattling of being a ſoldier, I ſuſpect he was inveigled off by a recruiting party, which at that time was beating up for men in the village.

Mrs. Wil. Didn't you acquaint his mother immediately with what happen'd?

Wil. She was dead.

Mrs. Wil. You wrote to the Colonel to be ſure.

Wil. There I was to blame. I cou'dn't ſummons up reſolution ſufficient. I thought he wou'd have attributed the child's leaving me to neglect, or cruel treatment.

Mrs. Wil. The beſt advice I can give you is, to tell Colonel Talbot his ſon is dead.

Wil. But how ſhall I produce a certificate of that? Should he examine the pariſh regiſter, and no record of ſuch a child's death be found, I ſhou'd be taken up, and tried on a ſuſpicion of murder.

Mrs. Wil. Then tell him the truth at once.

Wil. Worſe and worſe!—He'll ſuppoſe this a mere invention of my own, to ſcreen my villainy; elſe, why was I ſilent ſo long? and that I had been brib'd by his relations to remove an obſtacle to their inheriting both his acquir'd and paternal fortune.

Enter Caleb.

Ca. There's a gentleman from Colonel Talbot deſires to ſee you.

Wil. What's to be done?—I dare not face him!

Ca. What ſhall I ſay to him, father?

Wil. Was there ever any thing ſo provoking—as this fellow?

Mrs. Wil. I have it.—Shew him into the parlour, my good boy; and tell him, Mr. Wilkin's will be with him preſently, my good boy!

Ca. My good boy!—Ecod, ſhe good-boys me to ſome

time this morning: I hope there's no miſchief in the wind; for I'm ſure thoſe are the firſt good words I have had from her ſince ſhe was my ſtepmother. [*Exit* Caleb.

Mrs. Wil. How old is your ſon Caleb?

Wil. There's only a week difference between his age and young Talbot's

Mrs. Wil. Paſs him on the Colonel for his ſon.

Wil. How!

Mrs. Wil. Put a good face on the matter, and you'll not only ſlip your neck out of a halter, but make your fortune. I can turn Caleb round my finger. Go and ſpeak to this gentleman, and let him know you'll introduce young Mr. Talbot to him immediately. Do as I bid you, and leave the management of the reſt of the buſineſs to me.

Wil. But what reaſon ſhall I give for not writing to him ſo long?

Mrs. Wil. You muſt ſay you never received one of his letters; and your quitting the country, will make it probable enough they might have miſcarried.

Wil. Then to give his ſon no better education!

Mrs. Wil. You muſt ſay he wou'd not take any better; and you may find inſtances enow of as dull heirs to large eſtates, to give colour to your ſtory.

Wil. And make a drawer of him too!

Mrs. Wil. Well, he'll not be the firſt great man that has cried, *Coming up, Sir!* —What do ſtand confounded for! Away, away, man; and let me break the matter to Caleb.

Wil. It goes againſt my conſcience—but ſelf preſervation will have it ſo. [*Exit* Wilkins.

Mrs. Wil. [*Alone.*] Now have I my gentleman under my thumb—whenever his tongue wags with the ſound of jealouſy, I'll threaten to diſcover upon him—and I'll ſee my dear, ſweet fellow, who follow'd me home to-day, as often as I pleaſe.—But to prepare this great booby—Oh, here he comes.

Enter Caleb.

Ca. Here, mother, I have brought you the bill.

Mrs. Wil. Well, never the mind the bill—I have ſomething very particular to ſay to you.—Do you know, Caleb, that your father is a man of the firſt character in this town?

Ca. To be ſure he is, for ſelling the beſt old port and ſherry in the kingdom.

Mrs. Wil. But come, ſit down, and liſten to me. [*They ſit.*]

Ca. What ſignifies hearing ſo much about father's character—who gets him that character? Why, Caleb,—Is there one in the houſe fit to talk to a gentleman but myſelf?

Mrs. Wil. My dear Caleb, let me entreat you to hear me.

Ca. Dear Caleb!——Yes, I'd liſten to you all day for ſuch words as theſe; good words are ſugar plumbs to me: beſides, mother, you can't think how pretty folks look when they are pleas'd.

Mrs. Wil. Do you know, Caleb, whoſe ſon you are?

Ca. Whoſe ſon I am! My father's to be ſure.

Mrs. Wil. Certainly; but that father is not Jacob Wilkins.

Ca. No!

Mrs. Wil. Colonel Talbot, the great nabob juſt arrived from the Indies, is your father.

Ca. My godfather, I ſuppoſe you mean.

Mrs. Wil. I tell you he's your own father. You were given when an infant to my huſband, and he was ordered to bring you up as his ſon; it being neceſſary for family reaſons, which you'll know another time, to conceal your birth.

Ca. I always thought I was a better man's ſon than I appeared to be—But mother, is'nt this all a joke?

Mrs. Wil. Can my huſband convince you that I am in earneſt?

Ca. He has often convinc'd me that he himſelf was in earneſt, as my ſhoulders can witneſs.

Mrs. Wil. But, dear Sir, I beg ten thouſand pardons for keeping my ſeat ſo long. [*Getting up, and curtſying*

very low.—Caleb *leers his seat, with a vacant stare, and chuckling laugh of joy.*]

Ca. I thought I'd come to something at last.

Mrs. Wil. Your father's gentleman, Sir, is now waiting to see you.

Ca. My father's gentleman!—I suppose I shall have a gentleman too.

Mrs. Wil. Oh, no doubt.

Ca. Then there will be a pair of us.—But you're sure now you are in earnest?

Mrs. Wil. Will you go and be convinc'd I am?

Ca. Come along, Mrs Wilkins?—I think that's your name.

Mrs. Wil. At your Honour's service.

Ca. Great men are apt to forget such trifles—but I'll call and see you now and then, tho' I am a Colonel's son.

Mrs. Wil. We'll always think there's nothing too good at the George Inn for your Honor.

Ca. But hark'e, give old Jacob a hint not to forget himself and make too free.

Mrs. Wil. I hope, Sir, we shall never forget ourselves in your presence.

Ca. Well, well, I hope not, good woman.— Colonel's son!—What a fool I must be, not to have found out this of my own accord!—But it's a wise child knows its own father [*Exeunt, Mrs.* Wilkins *ridiculing him.*

SCENE, *a drawing Room at the House of Sir* Oliver Oldstock.

Enter Charlotte *and* Herriet.

Char. How you teize me about this all accomplished Sir Charles!—I can't abide him!

Har. Can't abide him! I don't think it possible for any woman actually to dislike him.

Char. Yes, he's the last person breathing I shou'd elect for my *sure thing*; the man's well enough as an acquaintance; he's lively; does not want for understanding: but the best of him is, the talent he possesses for discovering

the ridiculous, wherever it is to be found—then he paints it in colours so high, and so pleasantly ill-natur'd, that a woman takes him in her suite, as the natural appendage of superior understanding; to shew that her wit has rais'd her above the power of ridicule, and that she has the chief laughers in town upon her own side.

Har. What you praise him for, is in my mind, the only exceptionable part of his character.

Char. Lord! what harm is there in a little good, humour'd ill-nature?—Besides, what would you have people talk of when they meet? As politics are to the men scandal is to our sex—these two subjects are the vast magazines of the major part of our ideas; between them the heads of half the nation are furnish'd.

Har. Have you seen Mandeville to-day?

Char. Poor Harriet! now do I perceive the cause of all this extraordinary zeal for the interests of the handsome Baronet; you still are apprehensive, if you don't provide me with a husband, I shall take your beloved Mandeville from you.

Har. He is sole heir to Colonel Talbot's immense fortune, I know your father will proceed to the last extremities.

Char. Dear Harriet, rest perfectly satisfied in my friendship for you; I never will have him: I don't know what I would not do to avoid it: My heart is at present a virgin tablet, on which Love has not written a single character; however, shou'd things come to the worst, you yourself must be my deliverer.

Har. As how?

Char. Ev'n by taking wing with your beloved swain, for that blessed spot, where law forgoes no fetters for the heart; and Hymen, with a smile upon his cheek, and his torch burning clear, lights consenting votaries to the temple of real and lasting felicity.—Heaven, and a generous uncle be prais'd, who bequeath'd me ten thousand pounds independent of my father, I am not oblig'd to sacrifice my own, and my friend's happiness!—O, glorious independence!—thou parent of every virtue — no wonder so many noble hearts emptied their crimson fountains to preserve thee!

Har. I'm asham'd, Charlotte, to have harbour'd a sus-

picion, but for a moment, that a mind like your's cou'd act unworthy of itself.

Char. Now, to put my theary into practice. — Here comes Mandeville; do you step into the next room, where you may overhear our converſation, and you ſhall be entertain'd with a proloque truly antimatronial.

Har. Dear Charlotte, I am already perfectly ſatisfied.

Char. But I inſiſt on your going: it will entertain you. [*Exit* Har.

Enter Mandeville.

Char. My dear Mandeville! I was juſt wiſhing for you; if you had ſtaid much longer, I ſhou'd have been inſupportable vapour'd; nothing runs in my head but our marriage: But I was thinking, as the fondeſt couples have certain dull hours that hang heavy upon their hands, how we two ſhall kill time during thoſe ſpiritleſs ſeaſons.

Man. I ſuppoſe we ſhall follow the example of other people; do all we can to make one another uneaſy.

Char. That's one way, to be ſure, of killing time: but we ſhall grow tired of that at laſt; don't you think ſo, Mandeville?

Man. When I entertain a good opinion of a lady's wit, it rids me of all apprehenſion on that ſcore.

Char. Sir, your moſt obedient.

Man. I thought your couſin Harriet was here.

Char. My couſin Harriet!—Lord! what's my couſin Harriet to the purpoſe? — I ſhall grow jealous of you, at this rate. — I wonder, Mandeville, what ſtar ſhed its influence when our marriage was firſt talk'd of; no two people breathing agreed better.

Man. I always thought you the pleaſanteſt companion imaginable.

Char. We were commonly laughing at one body's expence or another.

Man. And as ſoon as we are married, I fancy every body will be even with us.

Char. Heigho!

Man. What's that for, Madam?

Char. Not for a husband, I assure you; it was only a requiem to friendship, going to be laid in the grave of matrimony. Methinks we two are preparing ourselves for the penance of our future union, as knights-errant of old prepar'd themselves for the toils of chivalry. I've read somewhere, that those champions of distress'd damsels at first wore heavy weights to their armour, which they fancied, on removal, would give a comparative lightness to the galling load with which they were about to tax their shoulders.

Enter Herriet.

Har. Just now, Mr. Mandeville, as I parted from my cousin, a servant came and told me that your uncle, Colonel Talbot, was arriv'd.—Your father, Charlotte, has receiv'd a letter from him.—But what do you think? It seems he has a son no body ever heard of before.

Char. A son!—Now Mandeville, if you can be content with your mistress, and a moderate income, I'm satisfied you may have her; as the bulk of Colonel Talbot's fortune will certainly devolve to his son, depend upon it, my father will no more press my ladyship on your worship.

Man. Madam, my uncle may dispose of his property as he pleases—I sincerely rejoice at his safe arrival in England; and as he has an heir, I shall be the first to congratulate him on the event; and I hope that heir will prove an heir to his virtues.

Char. You are a generous fellow, Mandeville; and, if it had not cost you so dear, I shou'd congratulate you on the certain prospect you may indulge, that we two shall never be one.

Man. My dear Herriet—

Char. Now, why don't you say, my dear Mandeville? One as naturally follows the other as the echo does the sound.

Man. The occasion, ladies, I trust, will apologize for my leaving you thus abruptly.

Char. Oh, go, go; you have my ample consent.—But, Harriet, will you let him go so easily?

Har. How can you be so ill natured?

Char. She ſays ſhe gives you leave to go: but it's on condition that you do not dedicate a ſecond of your time to any human being but herſelf, longer than common decency requires it.—But Mandeville, do you and I part as we ought, a bethrothed pair!

Man. Yes, Charlotte; for we parted wedded friends again.

Manent Harriet *and* Charlotte.

Char. Now Herriet, are all your apprehenſions remov'd?

Har. They are, my friend; Hope ſits ſmiling at my heart, and once more chears it with a proſpect of happineſs. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *an Apartment at Sir* Oliver Oldſtock's.

Enter Sir Oliver [*alone.*]

THIS is a deviliſh lucky hit, the Colonel's having a ſon; it enables me to provide for both my niece and daughter—I expect from the letter a good deal of contradiction in this buſineſs, but I like that I ſhou'dn't love her half ſo much as I do, if ſhe had'nt ſpirit enough to contradict me—it ſhews ſhe has an opinion of her own, and gives me an opportunity to prove that I have one alſo; but of a much ſuperior kind, and, upon occaſions, of a very coercive quality; it's one time in a hundred I can get any body to contradict me; but men of large independant fortunes never hear the truth—no body has ſpirit enough to oppoſe them in diſcourſe—Henceforward, I am determined to take no man by the hand, who does not ſpeak and look, when we come to debate, as if he wou'd knock me down in an argument. Well I think I ſhall be as happy as a married man can be, when my girls are diſpoſed of—my wife, to be ſure, has a moſt unaccountable humour; to ſuppoſe I'm jealous of her,

now she's in her fifty-fifth year — to do Lady Lucretia Oldstock justice, she was once a charming woman; but at present, I think her as plain a piece of goods, as a man could meet between Temple-Bar and Whitechapel — Here she comes, brimfull of news.

Enter Lady Oldstock.

La. Old. Was ever any thing so wonderful!

Sir O. Nothing upon earth! what's the matter, my love?

La. Old. Why, haven't you heard that Colonel Talbot has a son?

Sir O. A son!—a dozen, I dare be sworn, if he wou'd but own them; an old soldier has generally children in all quarters of the globe.

La. Old. Sir Oliver, you're a censorious man, and judge of every body by yourself.

Sir O. Upon my soul, my dear, you allow me too much credit; I never was a man of all that gallantry; no, no; I had a domestic magnet that attracted, and fix'd all my affections; united to such a woman as Lady Oldstock, who could be a rover?

La. Old. Why, to do you justice, Sir Oliver, you have, upon the whole, made a very good husband; and if it was not for the weakness of your temper in one particular, we might live very happily.

Sir O. (*Aside.*) Now she's off.

La. Old. If, indeed, I was one of the giddy flirts of the day, it would be another thing — but a woman, of whose truth you have had so many years experience, to be jealous!

Sir O. I tell you again, and again, I am not jealous.

La. Old. Ah, Sir Oliver! I wish you wou'd make your words good; if any man of the least tolerable appearance pays me a common mark of respect, don't you immediately sneer, and say that fellow has a design upon you?

Sir O. So I do: I always think that person has a design upon another, to whom he gives their own way in every thing; no, no; if I am to chuse a friend, and an a-

greeable companion, give me the honeſt fellow who contradicts me.

La. Old. Then you are not jealous?

Sir O. No.

La. Old. No?

Sir O. No; damme if ever I was jealous of you!

La. Old. You are now more provoking, if poſſible, than ever; when you find I hold your ridiculous ſuſpicions in contempt, you wou'd wound me another way, and mortify my pride, by inſinuating, that I never had attractions ſufficient to have a civil thing ſaid to me, like other women.

Sir O. Then it ſeems, my Lady, you have had your civil things ſaid to you, like other women, in your time?

La. Old. There, there it broke forth! What is it to be married to a jealous huſband!

Sir O. Well, all this I can bear, becauſe I like contradiction—I conſider the mind like a ſpring; the more you preſs it, the more vigour you lend to its elaſticity; ſince I can remember, I always delighted to be of a different opinion from other people — There's ſomething wonderfully flattering to human pride in being ſingular — but in marriage it is abſolutely neceſſary—man and wife are like the contending qualities of bitter and ſweet; they naturally quarrel, and exiſt by downright oppoſition.

Enter Charlotte.

La. Old. I'll ſubmit my cauſe to the judgment of Charlotte.

Char. Submit your cauſe to my judgement: my dear ma'am, by no means; in all caſes of matrimonial litigation, the parties ſhould be tried by their peers.

Sir O. Right, my girl! now, in order to qualify you to be impanelled on ſuits of the kind, I was that moment thinking about moving the court of Hymen, to ſhew cauſe why a rule ſhould not be granted to provide you with a huſband.

La. Old, Whenever you marry, Charlotte, if you wiſh

to be happy, above all things avoid a temper like your father's.

Sir O. And like your mother's alſo. if you wiſh your huſband to be happy.

La. Old. I clearly perceive my company is not agreeable.

Sir O. Your ſtrange turn of mind, I confeſs, Lady Oldſtock, is not altogether ſo agreeable; but you ſee it does not make me angry,

La. Old. It's that that tortures me — if I con'd vex him, it wou'd be a proof I had ſome power left; but he treats me like a child. [*Exit Lady* Oldſtock.

Sir O. It's a ſpoilt one, if I do.

Char. Dear Sir, let me follow her.

Sir O. You ſhan't budge a ſtep after her. — Soothing her in theſe humours is only adding fuel to fire. Your mother, Charlotte, was born a coquette, and will die one. She was a reigning toaſt in her youth, and to this hour expects the adulation of thoſe days. She had a whole army of lovers; and, what you'll ſay, ought to make me ſet a very high value upon her indeed, either from neceſſity or choice, ſhe hung like an overblown roſe on the virgin thorn, full four and thirty years waiting for me, But come ſit down, and let me talk to you. (*They ſit.*) I have, for ſome time back obſerved, Charlotte, that the match I propoſed to you with Mandeville, does not meet your wiſhes.

Char. I confeſs, Sir, it never did — beſides I know that gentleman's affections to be engag'd elſewhere.

Sir O, I underſtand you; he's fond of my niece, Harriet; well, in the name of happineſs let them go together; I'll never mention his name to you again; nor indeed ſhall I propoſe any match to you, upon which I may expect rational contradiction.

Char. Now, Sir, you ſpeak like my father — Oh, how my heart ſprings with gratitude and joy, to hear thoſe generous words from your own lips!

Sir O. No, my girl, you ſhall never be ſacrificed at the altar of Plutus — I ſay, ſacrificed—for, what is it, in fact, but a ſacrifice, to throw away a fine young woman upon a

man it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould like; as many father's do every day, who love money more than their children.

Char. The liberality of theſe ſentiments delight me, they are ſo exactly in conformity with my own! Dear Sir, you have given me ſuch ſpirits—Do you know, when you ask'd me to ſit down, I expected to have a quite different kind of converſation with you?

Sir O. I ſuppoſe you thought I had a golden calf to propoſe to you for a huſband?

Char. I own I was ſo ungenerous.

Sir O. A fellow with nothing but gold in his pocket, and lead in his gate; ha, ha, ha!

Char. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir O. How liable we are to be miſtaken in our ſurmiſes of other people's thoughts! No, no, my girl, I have no ſuch match to propoſe to you—I have a huſband for you, it is true, in my eye; and a rich one too—but it is not to riches you object—it is to the man; and provided he be agreeable, I imagine no woman in her ſenſes can ſuppoſe a huſband may be too rich?

Char. Provided riches be obtained without leaving a ſtain upon the principles, it is happineſs to poſſeſs them, as they give us ſo much more ample power of diſtributing felicity. I never was that romantic fool to imagine there can be happineſs where there is not independency: grant me that, and all the wealth beſide which the earth contains or the ſea devours, ſhou'd not bribe me to ſell the free election of my heart, or barter for gold, what gold could never reſtore me.

Sir O. Give me a kiſs, you jade! you are your father's own daughter; but every body tells me you're the picture of me; and if the Colonel's ſon be but as like his father as you are yours, you'll be the handſomeſt couple in Great Britain.

Char. (*Riſing.*) The Colonel's ſon, Sir!

Sir O. Yes, my old friend, Colonel Talbot's ſon; one of the fineſt young fellows I am told—but no fop—he has none of the vices and follies of your young buterflies of faſhion.

Char. No, Sir, nor any of their accomplishments, or I'm misinformed.

Sir O. It was an excellent thought of his father's, to have him brought up in a snug private way.

Char. And yet, I'm told he has lived some time in a snug public way.

Sir O. What, Charlotte, have you been listening to any scandalous reports of the youth?

Char. A pretty youth I understand he is for the husband of your daughter — I am told he was actually a waiter at some horrid place near Smithfield.

Sir O. Oh, infamous scandal! — He waiter at some horrid place near Smithfield! — The next report, I suppose, will be, that you were bar-maid at the same place; and that I'm an old tobacconist, who supplied the house with cut and dry, from the sign of the Black Boy in a neighbouring alley.

Char. I am petrified at the very thoughts of the brute!

Sir O. Look you there now: she knows I love contradiction in my heart, and therefore seems averse to the match, because she thinks it will please me. But, come; you and your mother and my niece shall go pay the Colonel and his son a morning visit.

Char. Sir, as you insist upon it, I will go as I wou'd to any other great natural curiosity.

Sir O. Was ever any thing like this! she has heard a scandalous report of a man, and she won't wait to be undeceived by her own eyes and her own ears: this is downright inconvincible obstinacy, not rational, well-founded contradiction; and I hate the one as much as I love the other: besides, I ever thought you a girl of too much sense to lay any kind of stress on a tale of mere rumour.

Char. But, if rumour shou'd speak truth?

Sir O. He's so great a liar, I wou'd not believe him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *An Apartment at* Mandeville's.

Enter Johnson *and* Colonel Talbot.

Johnſ. He's a rough diamond, Sir; he requires a little poliſhing, I muſt confeſs,

Col. Good maſters may remove his ignorance, and good company poliſh his manners: but there is a meanneſs in the turn of his perſon, and the caſt of his features, which is inſuperable; but take man in every point of view, and he will be found the creature of habit; his body, like his mind, is ſubdued by education.

Johnſ. I wonder, Sir, you never wrote to any particular friend in England, to have enquir'd about him, when you receiv'd no letter about this man, to whoſe care you committed him.

Col. Who cou'd I truſt? None of my own family!—Then, what ſolid friendſhips do you ſuppoſe are contracted at the edge I left England? I was then but twenty, all my intimates were young fellows, ſunk in pleaſure and diſſipation: if any thing like friendſhip had ſubſiſted between us, the many years we were aſunder had diſſolv'd the tie—His mother, I knew, was dead; and from Wilkin's ſilence, I concluded that he alſo had paid the debt of nature; therefore I deſiſted from writing, thinking it was in vain to hope for any certainty till I had myſelf reached England.

Johnſ. I ſhou'd not have believ'd it poſſible your honor cou'd have had ſuch a ſon, let his education be what it may.

Col, I own, Johnſon, the weakneſs of a father induc'd me to believe I ſhou'd have ſeen him emerging from the low contracted ſphere to which his fate had conſign'd him, by the native energy of his own powers; and flatter'd myſelf with the pleaſing dream of ſurpriſing a young man with affluence and diſtinction, who, in obſcurity, had acquir'd virtue to deſerve them.

Johnſ. I beg your honor's pardon:—but, as I cannot ſee the leaſt likeneſs of you in this young gentleman's face, I ſuppoſe he reſembled his mother.

Col. His mother:—She had the countenance of an angel!

Johnſ. Then he differs from you both deviliſhly?—But, Sir, the ſooner you provide him with a fencing and a dancing maſter the better; the latter of theſe gentlemen

ſeems indiſpenſibly neceſſary, if it's only to teach him to walk; for no raw recruite on the firſt day of drilling was ever more pigeon-toed.

Col. Where is he now?

Johnſ. I left him, Sir, very buſy over his luncheon.

Col. His luncheon!

Johnſ. Yes, Sir: a ſmall morſel he takes before dinner, juſt to ſtay his ſtomach, conſiſting of about a pound of beef ſteaks and a tankard of porter.

Col. Send him to me. [*Exit* Johnſon.]—I fear he's incorrigibly gone, beyond the power of reformation.

Enter Mandeville.

Col. Dear Mandeville, what courſe do you adviſe me to purſue with this untoward boy? With all his faults, I muſt conſider he is my ſon, and pity, whilſt he compels me to bluſh for him.

Man. Sir, we muſt endeavour to form him as well as we can: but I am rather inclined to think we ſhall never be able to give him the graces.

Col. He's not three and twenty—that's young:—we have many began later in life to acquire the rudiments of thoſe ſciences, in which they afterwards arriv'd to the higheſt pitch of eminence.—Have you been able to diſcover how the natural bent of his temper inclines, or if he has any ſtrong propenſities?

Man. Why, Sir, from what I can collect in my ſhort acquaintance with him, the natural bent of his temper ſeems inclin'd to gallantry; and if he has any ſtrong propenſity, it is to the game of ſkittles.

Col. No matter how low and vulgar the game be, it ſhews a ſpirit of play in him, and it muſt be cruſh'd: but if he has a turn for gallantry, it gives me the greateſt hopes of his reformation. The ſociety of an accompliſh'd and beautiful woman ſoften and refines the roughest nature; ſhe imparts by a ſecret magic, her elegances and her graces; and to converſe with her is a kind of ſtudy that inſenſibly poliſhes her admirer.—But, what reaſon have you to ſuppoſe he is inclin'd to gallantry?

Man. He has imparted all his amours to me; but one in particular, which very much diverted me indeed:—After having been ſucceſsful with bar-maids, young milliners, and taylors daughters, out of number, Cupid ſhot him from a cheeſecake battery, and he fell in love with a paſtrycook's daughter; which, oh, terrible! was the cauſe of his having an affair of honour with an attorney's clerk, in which both parties were bound over: but in painting this Helen, who bred the contention, how ſhall I do him juſtice at ſecond hand? Teniers lent him his pencil for her waiſt and Titian for her head; for ſhe was ſhap'd like a Dutch cheeſe, and her locks were as red as a carrot.

Col. I have ſent for him; and as I ſhall examine him cloſely, in order to ſearch if there be any latent ſeeds of ab'lity which culture may bring forth, I wiſh you, Mandeville, to be preſent, and that you will alſo aſſiſt me in the inquiry.

Man. Certainly; as my couſin, I think it a duty I owe him.—Oh, here he comes with Johnſon.

Enter Caleb *and* Johnſon.

Ca. [*Speaks as entering.*] You don't know what's taſte; my hair's the nattieſt thing in town as it is dreſs'd now.

Col. Don't you know, Sir, I ſent for you?

Ca. Ah, father,!—Couſin! are you there too?

Man. You don't attend.

Ca. Attend! no: I hope I ſhan't attend any more.—Well, father, you ſent for me, now, what do you want, my old cock?

Col. [*Turning away with diſguſt.*] It is in vain to think of cultivating a ſoil like this!

Man. His manner is terrible, to be ſure: but we muſt correct him.

Ca. Correct him! Why, what have I done to be corrected? I thought I was corrected enough by my laſt father.

Col. Wou'd that correction had taught you to ſpeak!

Ca. That it did; and often to ſqueak too, till you could hear me two ſtreets off.

Col. Speak to him, Mandeville.—There is something so barbarous in every thing he says or does, that I can't bear to look at him.

Man. You'll excuse me dear cousin, for giving you a little advice; but as I mean it well, I'm sure you'll not be offended.

Ca. Bless your heart, you can't offend me! I'm one of the best-temper'd boys breathing:—but what's the matter with old Firelock? He seems in the sulks.

Man. He's not pleas'd with your manner and address; it is too rude and abrupt: you shou'd never approach him without evident marks of respect.

Ca. Oh! I understand you; I shou'd always make a bow when I come into a place where he is.—Egad, with all my heart: but what set me wrong, was hearing it said, that to have no manners at all was the best of breeding.

Man. Ceremony as altogether as ridiculous, as rudeness is offensive; you must avoid both.

Col. Have you ever read any thing in your life?

Ca. Why, do you think I can't read? Then I tell you I can; and write and cypher too.

Man. He doesn't doubt that; he only wishes to know what kind of reading or books you are fond of.

Ca. Then you may tell him, I am fond of histories.

Man. That's a good hearing, faith! If he's fond of history, he must possess from nature a strong inquisitive mind under all this unpromising d'abord Men, educated in a low sphere of life, however uncouthly they express themselves, often manifest a strong intellect; and on being put to the test, discover a fund of knowledge the better-educated man wou'd not expect from a slight acquaintance with them: I consider such minds like rich metals, as yet unpurify'd from alloy; but let it once be known that the ore is gold, and the refiner's hand will soon bring forth the bullion.—As you are fond of history, you have no doubt dipt into the histories of Greece and Rome?

Ca. The best of their histories.

Man. Whose were they?

Ca. Why, in the first place, I have read Don Bellianis's History of Greece, and the Seven wise Masters' History of Rome.

Col. Aſk him no more queſtions.

Ca. Then I've read the Hiſtory of Colonel Jack, and the Hiſtory of the Engliſh Rogue, and the Hiſtory of Moll Flanders.

Man. He appears as well read in modern as ancient hiſtory.

Col. I don't know any thing more mortifying to human pride, than to paſs the better part of a man's life in toil, anxiety, and danger, accumulating wealth, to leave it to a fool at laſt.

Ca. You can't think, father, how ſenſible money makes a fool look, and how fooliſh a wiſe man looks without it.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Serge, your Honor's taylor.

Man. He's come to take meaſure of my couſin for his regimentals.

Ca. Regimentals! Why, am I to be a Colonel as well as my father?

Col. Sir you're to be a ſoldier.

Ca. A ſoldier! Why' what's all this? Am I to go for a ſoldier, after all?—Has Doll Blouze been with the pariſh officers?

Col. I have procur'd you a commiſſion! no ſon of mine ſhall waſte his youth in eaſe and indolence, diſſipating that wealth I ſo hardly earn'd: the greater part, it is true, he ſhall enjoy? but he ſhall firſt prove by his courage, and his ſervices to his country, that he deſerves it.

Ca. There's not a boy within the ſound of Bow-bell of a better ſpirit; I'll fight any man in England of my weight and inches, with fair fiſteſſes, for a guinea—aye, damme! if I don't, and lay down firſt.

Man. Hadn't you better ſtep to the taylor?

Ca. Preſently, preſently, couſin—But now I think of it, I'll not ſtep to him; let the taylor ſtep to me.—A captain ſtep to a taylor! Impoſible! that's bidding a fieldpiece dance the hayes after a thimble.

Col. I inſiſt upon your going this moment.

Ca. Why, the old boy's in his tantrums.—Couſin,

word in your ear: there's one thing before I go, I must beg of you.

Man. What's that?

Cha. Why, as you and I will be hand in glove, as a body may say, you'll call me Caleb, and I'll call you Tom, Frank, Harry, or—what is your name?

Man. My name is Frederick.

Ca. Frederick! what a pretty name! I wish my name was Frederick. Can't I be new-chriſten'd for one name as well as another?

Man. (*Aſide.*) Till you're new-born, I fancy nothing can be done with you.

Ca. But I was going to tell you—if you call me Caleb, never do it loud, eſpecially in company.

Man. For Heav'ns ſake, why?

Ca. Why, if you was to cry out, as thus now, Caleb! (*Bawling out.*) I ſhould cry, "Coming up, Sir! though you made a duke of me. [*Exit* Caleb.

Col. Well, Mandeville, what do you think?

Man. Hope is left us the worſt of times; however, I do not deſpair of making ſomething of him yet: what I dread moſt, is introducing him to Charlotte.

Col. Why cannot man make over his mind, like his property, to his children? Any diſtinguiſhing quality in all other animals ſurvives in the ſame ſpecies by hereditary deſcent for ever; man continues upon the earth only in his name and his revenues.—Oh, that he ſhould leave behind him his leaſt valuable part, and all that made him good or great ſhould ſink into the duſt with him!

Enter Johnſon.

Johnſ. Good news! good news, Sir! the Carnatic is arriv'd ſafe.—Captain Crevelt's ſervant is juſt come to acquaint you, that his maſter and Count Pierpont will be here immediately.

Col. Good news, indeed, Johnſon; and heavy and afflicted as my heart is, your tidings cheer it. The Count, Mandeville, is an officer of infinite merit; he was my priſoner during the war, and is warmly attach'd to Engliſh

manners and our glorious conſtitution.—But, Crevelt!—to know the merit of ſuch a man, you muſt be acquainted with him.

Man. Is he an Engliſhman?

Col. Yes, and you may judge of his merit as a ſoldier, when I tell you, he has ariſen from the ranks, at the age of three and twenty, to the commiſſion he now holds of captain. He's the reverſe of this ill-fated boy, we have been ſpeaking to. He is ſelf-educated; for with ſcarcely any advantages but thoſe he deriv'd from a moſt noble and excellent nature, he is the man of ſenſe, the ſcholar, and the poliſh'd gentleman. His father old Crevelt, was no more than a ſerjeant, and ſerv'd in Germany under Lord Granby; he brought this young man with him to India, whilſt yet a boy; the firſt day he ever was in action, he ſaw his father fall; and he was found after the battle among the ſlain, cloſe to his body, apparently lifeleſs, with loſs of blood, as if he had died in the pious office of defending a parent.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain Crevelt, Sir.

Man. Let us go and receive him; my heart burns with impatience to call ſuch a man my friend. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE, Mandeville's *Houſe.*

Enter Mandeville, Crevelt, *and* Colonel Talbot.

I QUITTED England, Mr. Mandeville, when a boy, and never was in London in my life before, I am charmed with the appearance of this noble city, in which the eaſe, convenience and ſafety of its poorſt inhabitant ſeem conſulted.

Col. There is no token ſeen in the ſtreets of an exhauſt-

ed people, drained by a tedious and expensive war, during which Great Britain fought at more unequal odds than any nation on the earth ever did before.

Crev. So much the reverse, that I am astonished at the appearance of opulence and prosperity to be met with every where; and the pleasing sensation I feel, to find my country in that state, is indescribable.

Col. Let gloomy politicians continue to predict and foresee calamities that exist only in imagination; whilst the genius of industry continues to smile upon the labours of the husbandman, the mechanic, and the manufacturer, and whilst strict probity is the character of England in her dealings with all other nations, the resources of this country will be found inexhaustible: and though its glory may be veiled by a momentary cloud, it soon recovers its former splendor.

Enter Caleb *in Regimentals.*

Ca. Here I am, father, in full feather.

Col. What, Sir, is your dancing-master gone already?

Ca. Bless your heart!—no master of any kind for me to-day; I never put on a new suit of clothes in my life, that I did not make holiday.

Man. (*Aside. to the* Col.) We had better, I think, in some degree, give way to him: you cannot expect immediately to reform manners so long confirmed by habit.

Col. (*Aside.*) I believe you're right; so I'll try what effect indulgence may have on him.—Well, it shall be as you wou'd have it; this day shall be devoted to pleasure and amusement.—Crevelt, give me leave to introduce you to my son.

Crev. I don't know any circumstance of my life affects me more than the high honor I now enjoy.

[*Introducing himself.*

Ca. Why, look ye, young man, as my father desires it, I'll shake hands with you, with all my heart: but I wou'd not make so free with every old soldier's son.

Col. How dare you, Sir, insult a man of his merit with language so gross?

Ca. Why, isn't he an old soldier's son?—pretty company truly, to introduce me to!

Crev. Sir, the humility of my birth I acknowledge; but muſt tell you, this is the firſt time it ever brought a bluſh into my cheek.—I am choaked with rage.—Unuſed to inſult, I cannot receive it without indignation even from the ſon of Colonel Talbot!

Col. I inſiſt upon your aſking that gentleman's pardon.

Ca. Why, is he a gentleman?

Col. A man of his worth, his honor, and ability, is a gentleman, though ſprung in the loweſt vale of ſociety.

Ca. Nay, if you ſay he's a gentleman, I aſk his pardon with all my heart.—Nothing ſo common now-a-days as one gentleman's aſking pardon of another; it makes up a quarrel in a trice.

Crev. Sir, I accept your apology.

Col. (*To* Caleb.) But, Sir, I will go farther with you—You muſt ever conſider that man with reſpect; learn to eſteem him, and it will do you more honor than your birth has done.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The gentleman from the India-Houſe, Sir, that was here before to-day, has called again.

Col. Let him know I'll wait on him immediately.

[*Exit Servant.*

(*To* Caleb.) Young man, I wiſh to undeceive you in one particular; ſeize all thoſe opportunities of inſtruction I mean to give you, and redeem the time you have loſt, which, if you neglect, your proviſion from me ſhall be merely independence: my name you may diſgrace, but I think it a crime to beſtow riches on one who would abuſe them; even that youth, whoſe birth is ſo inferior in your eye, I ſhould conſider as united to me by his merit in nearer ties of kindred. [*Exit* Colonel.

Ca. (*Strutting about.*) So then, I am to be diſinherited after all, and for an old ſoldier's ſon too!

Crev. What's that you ſay, Sir?

Ca. Say, Sir!—Damme! he looks ſo fierce, I don't know what to ſay to him.—Theſe old ſoldier's ſons are

ſo uſed to cutting of throats, it's the devil to quarrel with them.

Man. I am aſhamed of you, couſin—if you proceed in this manner, you muſt be lock'd up from all ſociety.

Ca. I'll beg his pardon again: I know that's all he wants.

Crev. I'll ſpare you, Sir, the mortification of deſcending to ſo humiliating an act—in reſpect to your father, I overlook every thing you have hitherto ſaid—I now coolly behold all that had paſt through a different medium; and rather feel for a youth, who from his proſpect of immenſe wealth, has been perhaps from his childhood ſurrounded with ſycophants, who never let him know what it was to be acquainted with himſelf, and perſuaded him into an opinion that wealth ſupplies the abſence of every accompliſhment and virtue.

Ca. I don't rightly underſtand you, captain; but I fancy—only you mince the matter—that you meant to ſay I was much better fed than taught—Well, no matter—Are we good friends again?

Crev. Very good!

Ca. Then give your hand. [*Aſide.*] He, he, he! I can't help laughing, after all, to think of ſuch a fellow's being a gentleman!—But I ſay, captain; they tell me you are a devil of a fellow for fighting: now, do you ſee me, as I am an officer as well as yourſelf, I'd be glad to know how you generally found yourſelf before you went into the field of battle.

Crev. Much as I do at preſent.

Ca. What, no more frighten'd!

Crev. No, Sir.

Ca. Come, come, no tricks upon travellers, Captain; do you think I'm ſuch a fool as to believe you?

Ca. [*Terrify'd.*] Sir!—He looks at me like a tiger—I'll aſk him no more queſtions—he has half frighten'd me out of my commiſſion already—Eh! [*Looking out*]—Ecod, yonder I ſee my father talking to two fine girls—I'll go have a peep at them—Couſin Mandeville, good bye—Captain, your ſervant—[*Stifling a laugh*] A gentleman truly!—

What a fine thing it is to be born one—it ſaves a world of trouble in learning. [*Exit* Caleb.

Man. The ſtory of this unhappy young man, and how his education came to be ſo much neglected, is too long to acquaint you of particular, at preſent; but you ſee what he is, and, I hope, eſtimate an inſult from him accordingly.

Crev. I think no more of it—but my heart bleeds for his father.

Man. You talk of leaving town to day—why, dear Sir, will you ſo ſuddenly quit friends, who, of all things, covet your ſociety? Is the buſineſs which calls you from us, of that urgent nature, you cannot poſtpone it for a few days at leaſt?

Crev. It is what I ought not to do—for my relations in England, (if I have any living) have never heard from me ſince I quitted the country; but perhaps it's better to prepare them for the meeting; ſo I ſhall write to them by this night's poſt, and continue your gueſt a little longer.

Man. Now this is truly friendly—I wou'dn't for the world have you leave the town till after my Couſin Talbot's wedding.

Crev. Then he's going to be married?

Man. So his father intends, as the only means of reforming him, the lady is one of thoſe two, who came here within this half hour; and whom we left with Count Pierpoint, admiring his magnificent preſents from the different princes of the, Eaſt, at whoſe courts he has been occaſionally envoy.

Crev. But which of the ladies is intended for Mr. Talbot?

Man. Charlotte—ſhe whom you ſo much admired: and, ſhort as the Count's acquaintance with them is, he appears already ſmitten with her Couſin Harriet.—Unluckily for him ſhe happens to be engaged.

Crev. But, Charlotte! It is ſhe, then; who is intended for Mr. Talbot?—I think I never ſaw a finer girl.

Man. She's a divine creature! and though her Adonis is ſo near a relation, I confeſs I wiſh her a better huſband;—but I don't know how matters may terminate.—She's a girl of great ſpirit—has a very fine independency; and ſuch is

her disposition, that I'm confident there is no temptation in wealth, could induce her to marry any man whom she did not like.

Enter Harriet.

Har. Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Mr. Mandeville, for laughing so much at the expence of your Cousin Talbot; but his manner, person and conversation, are all so truly original, that gravity itself must be provok'd to laughter in his company.

Man. It's very true, Harriet; he is a most extraordinary being, I must confess.

Har. He introduc'd himself to Charlotte this moment; and such a figure does he cut! He can neither walk, sit nor stand still, with gazing at his person.—Charlotte and he are together; she seems delighted with him.

Crev. Then Ma'am, she likes him?

Har. She likes to laugh at him, Sir.—Do, Mandeville, come, and take a look at him.

Man. Will you go, Crevelt?

Crev. I'll just speak to Johnson, Sir, and follow you. (*Exeunt* Man. *and* Har.)—I never saw that woman in my life before, who, in a moment, has had such a power over me.—She will not marry him, they say,—but what then? Does it follow, of course, that she must like me?

Enter Johnson.

Johns. I understand your Honor wish'd to see me.

Crev. Yes, Johnson; as you came to London before me, I wish'd to ask you, if you knew any thing of the family of this young lady your master intends his son shall marry?

Johns. Why, Sir, I understand she is the daughter of a Sir Oliver Oldstock; an old acquaintance of the Colonel's—her father, I hear, meant she shou'd marry Mr. Mandeville, supposing he wou'd be my master's heir; but when a son made his appearance, like all other worldly men,

Sir Oliver chang'd his note: and the poor young lady is to become a ſacrifice to this—I wiſh he wasn't my maſter's ſon.

Crev. But ſhe won't, Jonſon, be made a ſacrifice.

Johnſ. I hope not, Sir;—but, lord! what won't money do? Don't we ſee money every day couple age and deformity to youth and beauty; a young creature, like an angel, link'd to an old ſkeleton of dry-bones;—as if the dæmon of avarice and ſin, had acquir'd ſuch aſcendancy in the world, as to bring about an union betwixt death and immortality?

Crev. Why, Johnſon, you ſpeak with great feeling and ſpirit on the ſubject.

Johnſ. Ah, Captain Crevelt! what a charming couple you two wou'd make:—I, who have ſeen your Honor in the field, wou'd expect a Granby, or a Marlborough, from ſuch a marriage.

Crev. (*Muſing.*) I promiſed to follow them; but the leſs I ſee her, the better for my peace; it's only feeding a paſſion I ſhou'd baniſh from my heart for ever.—Johnſon, take no notice that I have aſk'd you any queſtions concerning Miſs Oldſtock: ſhou'd I be inquir'd for, I am gone to the library.—Books or my own thoughts, are the only ſociety I am fit for. [*Exit* Crev.

Johnſ. Well, as long as I live, I never will think there is any thing in great blood again. Here is a ſon of one of the beſt families in the kingdom, with neither perſon nor mind ſuperior to one of his father's domeſtics;—and if we turn our eyes to the other ſide, we behold the offſpring of an old ſoldier with the ſoul of a prince, and the head of a prime miniſter.

Enter Nancy, *running.*

Nan. Mr. Johnſon, Mr. Johnſon, here's a letter for you, brought by the penny-poſt; (*Gives it,*) and ſhort a time as you have been in London, I'm ſure it's a love-letter.

Johnſ. Aye; pray, Nancy, how have you made that diſcovery: Is it by the elegant penmanſhip of its pothook-and

hanger ſuperſcription, or by the God of Love's own broad ſeal ſtamp'd upon it by a wafer and thimble?

Nan. Ecod, Mr. Johnſon, you're a knowing hand; I'll engage you have hook'd in many a poor girl in your time.

Johnſ. But I haven't paid the poſtage.

Nan. That's always paid beforehand into the office with the letter.

Johnſ. But you know, Nancy, letters are convey'd now upon a new eſtabliſhment, and for fear of miſtakes, I'll ev'n pay double poſtage. [*Kiſſes her.*

Nan. It's mighty well! I ſuppoſe when you find this is a miſtake, you'll be for having the overcharge back again. [*Exit* Nancy.

Johnſ. Now for my letter.—'Sdeath! it's from my ſweet little Mrs. Wilkin's! (*Reads.*) "Mrs. Wilkins's com-"pliments to Mr. Johnſon; will be glad of his company "this evening to tea, as ſhe wiſhes to treat with him about "thoſe little matters he brought with him from India: "if the two ſets of China be as handſome as he ſaid they "were, ſhe will take them both off his hands; ſhe'll take, "beſides, ſome chintz and muſlins for gowns, and half a "dozen ſhawls; he need not ſend her any mandarins; ſhe "has more old figures than is worth houſe-room.

"P.S. Mr. Wilkins is very ſorry he can't be at home "the whole evening, very particular buſineſs calling him "to Hogſden."

I was afraid I ſhou'd have had no poſtſcript; but all's right I find.—Yes, my ſweet Mrs. Wilkins, I will go and talk to you about thoſe triſles I brought with me from India; but you ſhall have no mandarins;—indeed, I thought you had one too many of theſe old figures. [*Exit.*

Enter Caleb, *followed by* Charlotte.

Ca. Well, Miſs; how do you like me! Don't you think I look like a captain?

Char. Like a Captain! It wou'd be doing you injuſtice to compare you to any one officer under His Majeſty: I am really at a loſs for a compariſon to match you with —

Charle, turn about, and let me see your shapes. — Mercy! what a long sword they have tied you to!

Ca. That was all my own thought: I haven't learnt to fence yet; and as I am told a gentleman is nobody till he has fought about a score duels, I was determined the first time I fought not to be over-reach'd by any body.

Char. A very prudent resolution I must confess! valour is by no means incompatible with discretion; but pray, Sir, are you so very quarrelsome, that you expect to have all those duels upon your hands?

Ca. Me quarrelsome!—Bless your heart, I'm as quiet as a lamb.

Char. Then why do you expect to fight so much?

Ca. Because it's the fashion; and you know a man had better be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Char. Then I think you are taking an excellent method to have your choice.

Ca. Yes; fighting's quite a gentleman-like amusement:—besides, it will be put in the news-papers; and I shall read my own name in print, along with the debates of Lords and Commons: and that's the cause, I suppose, of all duels.

Char. I believe duels have been fought more than once—and, oh, fatal delusion! perhaps a valuable life lost for a cause altogether as frivolous!

Ca. But now I am dress'd, do you see me, I wish to shew myself to some of my old acquaintances: therefore, suppose you and I go this evening to Bagnigge-Wells, and drink tea—the hot rolls are so nice there, you can't think!

Char. Some other time; I can't possibly go this evening.

Ca. Mayhap you think I won't pay for the tea, but I will; and moreover than that, I'll treat you to the half-play afterwards.

Char. You must, indeed, excuse me, Sir.—(*Aside.*) I wish I cou'd get rid of him.—This moment poor Crevel pass'd me with a dejected air.—I follow'd him with a stol'n glance, till I trac'd him into the library.—I wish I know what was the matter with him; I never saw a man in my life I pity so much.

Ca. (*Looking at himself.*) How they ſtare at our hop, to ſee me in this dreſs!

Char. This fellow takes no notice of me; his regimentals have actually rivall'd me!

Ca. (*With great delight.*) Dreſs I ſee is every thing; ſuch a ſuit of regimentals wou'd make any man a great officer—How this world goes! fine fellows are made by taylors, and taylors undone by fine fellows!

Char. My Narciſſus is ſo engag'd with his perſon, it wou'd be foolish to loſe this opportunity of getting rid of him: I'll drop carelesly into the libary—I never ſaw ſo ſudden an alteration in man's looks as in poor Cleveit's. I hope he's not in love—Poor Charlotte, if the object be not in England! [*Exit* Char.

Ca (*To himſelf.*) To be ſure, Caleb, you haven't a pair of legs?—It is not every captain who can beat a march with ſuch a pair of drumſticks—I wonder how my legs would look in a pair of new boots—I never rode of a Sunday, but in a pair of my father's old ones—Moſt ſmart captains, I obſerve, foot as well as horſe, mount the ſtreets in boots.—So, you won't go to Bagnigge Wells? (*Looking up.*) Eh! why ſhe's gone! I'm glad of it!—and now the coaſt is clear!——Egod I'll have a ramble.——What ſignifies my being dreſs'd, if nobody ſees me?—I'll call over to Jacob Wilkins's, and take a glaſs with him—Who knows, but one of theſe days, when I return from aboard a great warrior, but old Jacob may take down his ſign, and hang me up over his door.

Enter Lady Oldſtock and Count Herpoint.

La. O. Really, my Lord, I tremble for the conſequences of this interview; if Sir Oliver ſhou'd meet us, and happen to be in one of his jealous moods, it is in vain to tell him of the innocency of our converſation; he will interpret my very looks, and draw the ſtrangeſt inferences from even the tone of voice with which I utter the moſt good-natur'd ſentence.

Count. Il eſt bien extraodinaire; appears to me very ſtrange, Madam, dat people of faſhion en Angletetre can

be ſo bourgois. Mon Dieu! en France, quand un homme eſt marie, ven ve marry, by Gar our friends cannot nous oblige more dan by take care of our vives.

La. O. Oh, my Lord! you're a refin'd people! we are, at leaſt, a century behind you in point of civilization.

Count. But on my vord, you improve every day; people de faſhion in both countries, vil be ver ſoon les memes; a voile le difference—at preſent, ſee the difference between France an England—Un Anglois eſt trop bruſque, too rough; un Francois, peutetre trop poli; but dat be fault ſur cote droit, on de right ſide——ſuppoſe nous avons—ſuppoſe we have von traite de commerce, pour un exchange des maniers; Jack Bull is von guinea too heavy; & un French-man, entre nous, peutetre un louis'd or too light;—now to make a de balance even, ſcrape de Englis, or vat you call ſweat a de Engliſh guinea, and augmentez le Louis d'Or, and you give de poliſh to de one, and de proper weight to the other.

La. O. I bluſh, my Lord, to think my education was ſo cruelly neglected, that I cannot hold a converſation with you in your own language.—People of condition ſhou'd always ſpeak French.

Count. Mais j'eſpare—me hope you underſtand?

La. O. Oh perfectly, my Lord; you ſpeak the language of the Graces; and that, our ſex underſtand in every country.

Count. Si j'entends; vous, ma belle ange! If I underſtand, it is you have give me the inſtructions.

La. O. How well he makes himſelf underſtood! I never heard ſuch ſweet broken Engliſh in my life before.

Count. Mais, madam! may I beg leave to ſolicit——

[*Taking her by the hand.*

La. O. My Lord! Dear Count!

[*Seemingly confuſed*

Count. Madam, may I ſolicit votre pitie, pour un paſſion qui brule mon ame—my paſſion burn a my heart.

La. O. Oh heavens! what a diſcovery is here? How fatal to the happineſs of I hope my Lord, you will ex-

ert your philoſophy on this occaſion, and conſider the inſurmountable obſtacle.

Count. Obſtacle, Madam! quelle obſtacle to a man of my rank and fortune?

La. O. Oh, fie, fie, my Lord! can a man of your delicacy talk in this ſtrain?

Count. Ah, ſi vous pouviez lire—if you cou'd read a my heart—

La. O. Go, unhappy youth! and endeavour to extinguiſh a fruitleſs flame, that, if it continue to burn, muſt only prove a ſource of diſquietude to us both: go, too-pleaſing ſeducer! and like the faithful, but honourable Werter, leave your ill-ſtar'd ſympathizing Charlotte in tears!

[*Affecting to weep.*

Count. My Charlotte! No it is my Harriet.

La. O. Harriet!—What Harriet?

Count. Your niece, Madam; that petite ange——

La. O. My niece! Was my niece the object of all this adoration?

Count. Is there one elſe living deſerve ſo much?

La. O. Yes, a hundred, if you had eyes to ſee.

Count. Eh bien! Madam, what you ſay to my propoſal?

La. O. My niece is engag'd; or, if ſhe was'nt, you ſhou'd not have her.

Count. Mais, le chevalier Oldſtock dit le contraire—Sir Oliver ſay quite different.

La. O. Sir Oliver's an old fool, and ſuppoſe didn't underſtand you, for you ſpeak terrible Engliſh. [*Exit.*

Count. I ſpeak terrible Engliſ!—Mon Dieu!—il eſt bien etrange!—juſt now I ſpeak ver ſweet broke Engliſ.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir O. Well, Count, what ſays my wife?

Count. She does refuſe—ſhe vil not conſent,

Sir O. I am glad of it.

Count. Diable! pourquois you glad of it?

Sir O. Becauſe now I ſhall have an opportunity of ſhewing my authority, and letting her know, you ſhall have my niece in ſpite of her.—She's my own brother's daughter;

be left her an orphan to my care, and I'll diſpoſe of her as I like; I aſk'd Lady Oldſtock's approbation, only for the pleaſure of being refus'd it—I love contradiction.

Count. Mon cher Chevalie—you tranſport me.

Sir. O. Yes Count; contradiction's my hobby-horſe; I mount him every hour of the day; and the more he kicks and flings, the greater delight I take in riding him;——I know you think me a whimſical old fellow; but you are new to our clime and our manners—we delight in thinking for ourſelves—oppoſition is the very ſoul of an Engliſhman—he likes it in himſelf, and in others alſo; peace and proſperity, with good eating and drinking, would throw him into a lethargy, if imagination didn't ſupply that ſpur to goad him on conſtantly to action.

Count. Now, mon chere Pere, me ville ſettle—

Sir O, Odſo! that's right—mind, the foundation-ſtone of our agreement is, that you ſettle in England—a niece of mine ſhall never breed ſubjects to fight againſt her king and country!

Count. Monſieur, you have my vord of honour: and now I vil go viſit my pretty Miſs, vat you call Harriet; mais, Monſieur! reſt aſſure me vil die, and live in England. [*Exit Count.*

Sir O. Well ſaid, Monſieur! cart before the horſe—But now I am alone, let me ſee how my accounts ſtand: I have ſecured the French nabob for my niece; now it wou'd be a maſter-ſtroke if I cou'd obtain the Engliſh one for my daughter, and thus center the two nabobs in my own family: This ſon of the Colonel's is a downright ſavage: Charlotte never cou'd like him; or, if ſhe cou'd, intereſt tells me I ſhou'd not; therefore her liking's out of the queſtion: there's to be a diviſion of the Colonel's property, between the ſon and Mandeville: I want the whole, if poſſible. The Colonel's not fifty, and in my mind he's a better looking man than either his ſon or his nephew. Charlotte's having ten thouſand pounds independent of me, makes her very obſtinate; debates will run high, I fear; as, indeed, they very often do in my family, where, tho' I'm conſtantly left in a minority, I never loſe a queſtion;—its true, I have open mouths upon me from all ſides, till, like

greater men. I'm fairly badger'd; but it's only waiting till the ſtrangers are all out, and I tell the houſe as I pleaſe afterwards. — Zounds! here comes Mandeville: I wiſh I cou'd get decently out of his way.

Enter Mandeville.

Man. I have been in ſearch of you, Sir Oliver.

Sir O. I wiſh I had known that, I'd have ſav'd you a good deal of trouble. — Well, my good Sir, had you any thing particular to ſay to me?

Man. Is your conduct towards me conſiſtent with honour?

Sir O. I don't underſtand you.

Man. How convenient it is to aſſume ignorance of a ſubject on which it is painful to hear the truth, even to the man incapable of reſpecting it! Honour, tho' ſhot out from the heart, will ſtill knock at its gates, and tell the guilty, there is a regiſter kept in the avenging court of remorſe for every act of injuſtice.

Sir O. Upon my word, Mr. Mandeville, you ſpeak to me in a very ſtrange ſtile; this is not a manner in which I am accuſtom'd to be addreſs'd. You bounce in all of a ſudden, tranſported with rage, for what cauſe is beſt known to yourſelf, and with a knock-me-down countenance, treat me as if my age and my rank had no kind of reſpect due to them.

Man. Sir, no man humours age more than I; or more readily yields rank every reſpect it can claim, when that rank does not forfeit its title to eſteem, by meanly ſinking and degrading itſelf; — but, when men in ſuperior ſtations behave, as if their actions were above all cenſure and controul, they muſt be told, that they are deceiving themſelves, as well as the world, and that no man is ſuffer'd to injure another with impunity.

Sir O. Well, Sir, in what particular have I injur'd you, to provoke the thunder of this terrible Phillipic?

Man. Can you ſeriouſly aſk me that queſtion, when you ſanction the addreſſes of Count Pierpoint to your niece?

Sir O. Well, and what then?

Man. Have you forgot your prior engagement to me?

Sir O. Mr. Mandeville, the poet says, that "Every day's a satire on the last; as circumstances vary, or events fall out, we are compelled by necessity to change our minds. As to my niece, whom I consider in the light of a daughter, I think it my duty, in providing her with a husband, to make the best bargain I can for her.

Man. Sir, have you no regard to what the world will say on this occasion? The world, Sir: that harsh, blind, misjudging multitude; whose slander, if it soil the ermine purity of virtue, what will it say, when it has justice upon its side?

Sir O. Nothing that I value.—Young man, when you have lived as many years with the world as I have, you'll learn to make your happiness independent of its opinion.—Don't you see knaves and fools every day rise into consequence, and all from the opinion of the world—the opinion of the world, Sir! It's a mouthful of moonshine!

Man. I believe with you, that the world is too indolent—too much occupied with its pleasures, or its miseries, to take up the business of a censor:—I fear it never examines thoroughly any man's pretensions to its favour: the more he asks, the more he generally obtains from the world; hence, folly, confidence and vice, revel in the arms of luxury, whilst merit, proud, and retiring from the conscious dignity of genius and virtue, is suffer'd to perish for want of bread!—But, Sir.—

Sir O. But me no more this debate, Mr. Mandeville—the question is put, and I am going.—Partial as I am to a polemical mode of discourse, I find that there may be sometimes even too much contradiction.

Man. What shall I do with this deceitful, unfeeling man? But can I hesitate whilst I have a particle of spirit left? I'll go this moment, state the matter to Count Pierpoint, and he shall resign, or fight for his mistress!

Enter Harriet.

Har. Dear Mandeville, what is the matter?—My uncle

has just parted from you, seemingly much out of temper, and the wildness and disorder of your looks terrify me?

Man. My heart is torn to-pieces, Harriet — Indignation at the ungenerous treatment I have met with from your uncle, added to my fears of losing you, distract me.

Har. But can you doubt your Harriet? There is no power upon earth shall force me to be another's; do then, dear Mandeville! strive to calm this tumult in your mind— Betrayed by the violence of your passion, you talk'd of going in search of Count Pierpoint—let me beseech you not.

Man. You were deceived, Harriet, in what you heard me say — do not prevent my going — I have business of a most particular nature calls me.

Har. I know perfectly the business that calls you—but let me conjure you, by all that regard you ever profess'd for me, not to think of it.—You say, your fears of losing me, distract you — judge then of the state of my heart, by your own.—Has Harriet no fears for her Mandeville, at a moment she sees him eat up with an ungovernable rage— about, perhaps, to hurry himself, or a fellow creature into eternity?

Man. Your apprehensions, Harriet, are groundless — from what I learn of the Count's character, I believe him to be a man of too nice honor; too equitable, too generous, to reduce me to the necessity of proceeding to extremities; I only wish to explain matters to him.

Har. I can recommend a much better course to you, and one much more likely to succeed.—Go to your uncle, that good, that noble-hearted man:—tell him your story;—if any body has weight with Sir Oliver, it is Colonel Talbot.

Man. Nobody has weight with him, when avarice claims his ear.

Har. You are mistaken; he is not so great a slave to avarice as you suppose him.

Man. He is your uncle, Harriet, and I cannot speak of him with harshness.

Har. I know by your eyes, you are not so angry as you were.

Man. I will be guided by you in every thing.—There

is a fascinating power, Harriet, in your looks and accents; when you wou'd persuade, that cannot be resisted, a melting softness clings about my heart, as I listen and behold you; there is a sure divinity in angel-beauty! You caused the tempest in my soul, and have calm'd it. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Third Act.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY OXFORD

ACT IV.

SCENE. *An Apartment at* Mandeville's.

Caleb *and* Johnson *discovered over a Bottle.*

Caleb.

COME, my boy, since you won't go to Jacob Wilkins's with me, we'll tope a little here—Fill your glass higher—higher yet; I'll have no sky-lights. —This is a bumper-toast.

Johns. Well, what is it?

Ca. Our noble selves. [*Drinks.*

Johns. I find that you think a sentiment, like charity, should begin at home.

Ca. I do to be sure.

Johns. We should have begun with the king and constitution.

Ca. Then here it goes; — and though it's the second toast now, it shall be the first next bottle.

Johns. Next bottle! But, Mr. Talbot, I have a particular engagement upon my hands this evening. — I hope you'll excuse my leaving you.

Ca. You shan't stir a foot. [*Pushes him to his chair.*] Your wine's so good;—I wonder how any body can quit such liquor.

Johns. But, suppose there's a lady in the case — you won't press me to stay surely, after I tell you that?

Ca. Damn it! Take me with you!

Johns. Impossible!

Ca. Then sit down and drink with me, for I won't part with you.

Johnſ. What the devil ſhall I do. [*Looking on his watch.*) It wants but a quarter to ſix, and Mrs. Wilkins will be waiting tea for me. [*Aſide.*

Ca. Come, to the charge again, and a brimmer it ſhall be.

Johnſ. (*Aſide.*) I ſhall get fuddled too; I have often in a frolic aſſumed drunkenneſs; ſuppoſe I practiſe that ſtratagem now to get away from him? (*Hiccups*, &c.

Ca. Why, now I look at you, I think you are getting a little forward.

Johnſ. But I am not quite ſo bad as you think; do let me go, Mr. Talbot.

Ca. Do you think I have no more regard for you? I tell you, you muſt go to-bed; — now do go to-bed.

Johnſ. How the devil ſhall I get away from him? Zounds, Sir, I am not drunk. [*Appearing to be ſober.*

Ca. Poor fellow! I am ſorry to ſee you ſo far gone; but I'll take care of you for this night. No, no; no going out this night. [*Impeding him.*

Johnſ. 'Sdeath and fire! Will this convince you that I am ſober. [*Walking firmly up the ſtage.*

Ca. Take another turn, and I'll tell you.

Johnſ. But will you let me go then?

Ca. After we have had another bottle.

Johnſ. Zounds! another bottle!—Well, I'll go down to the cellar for it. [*Croſſes.*

Ca. Mind you don't ſtay.

Johnſ. No, no; I ſhan't ſtay —(*Aſide.*) long in this houſe, now I have got out of your clutches, young gentleman. [*Exit.*

Ca. This is a deviliſh honeſt bottle—there is half a pint in it yet.—Well, my friend is gone, ſo here goes his health (*Drinks.*) Poor fellow!—I never ſaw a man ſo ſoon drunk and ſober.—Damn it, how he ſtays! — I long for a glaſs of wine; tho' he's not here, ecod, I'll fill my glaſs —— a good bottle of wine is excellent company. [*Drinks.*

Enter Mandeville.

Man. What, Sir, drinking by yourſelf?

Ca. I'm ſure that's not my fault.---I ſhall be very glad if you'll ſit down and keep me company: I expect Johnſon every minute with the other bottle.

Man. I ſuppoſe, Sir, Johnſon has been your companion?

Ca. Yes; and a choice companion he is; only apt to get muzz'd too ſoon.---Come, come, let me fill you a glaſs.

Man. I'll drink none, Sir; nor ſhall you drink any more; your father deſires to ſee you inſtantly.

Ca. You'll let me finiſh the bottle.

Man. You muſt drink no more! He puts me beyond all patience. [*Aſide.*

Ca. Ecod, then I'll take it with me. [*Takes it up.*

Man. Set it down, Sir. [*Lays hold on him violently. Caleb, in a fright, drops and breaks the bottle.*

Ca. There, (*Looking at it,*) I have ſet it down, and am ready to go with you; we muſt be good friends again now we have crack'd a bottle together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *A Library.*

Crevelt, *ſeated, with a Book.*

Crevelt. (*Throws the book down.*)

It is to no purpoſe --- I cannot read.---This adorable girl has taken ſuch entire poſſeſſion of my mind, it has'nt room for any other object: when Mr. Mandeville told me ſhe was going to be married, and to whom, my heart died within me, for then I knew all hope was loſt; but grant there was no diſhonour, no ingratitude in harbouring a paſſion for a woman intended for the ſon of my benefactor; how ſhould a low-born, abject thing, like me, aſpire to one ſo much above him? Wou'd not my birth be an inſurmountable bar to my hopes? She comes this way. ——I would avoid her, but have not the power.

Enter Charlotte (*with a Volume of* Shakeſpeare *in her hand.*

Char. (*Reading.*)

—— "*She never told her love;*
"*But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,*
"*Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought,*

" *And with a green and yellow melancholy,*
" *She ſat like Patience on a monument,*
" *Smiling at Grief*"——

Bleſs me! Captain Crevelt (*ſtarting.*) I did'nt ſee you—I was quite abſorbed in poor Viola's melancholy relation of undivulged love; this little picture is ſo highly finiſhed, ſo delicately coloured with touches of the true pathetic, that I never read it without being wonderfully affected—Don't you think it one of the fineſt paſſages in all Shakeſpeare?

Crev. I ſo much admire it, Madam, that I woud give the world this moment for the pencil of its immortal writer, to paint one of our ſex in the ſame ſtate of uncomplaining deſpondency.

Char. I proteſt you ſpoke thoſe laſt words with ſo ſerious an air, that I'm half inclined to think you're in love yourſelf: if that be the caſe, come, make me your confidante; I'll be as ſecret and as ſilent as Shakeſpeare's own marbel Grief and Patience: I have the muſic of the Avon ſwan this moment at my heart, and cou'd hear a lover whiſper his tale under a tree in which the nightingale ſung, and the moon tipt its boughs with ſilver.

Crev. You ſpeak, Madam, like one well vers'd in the paſſion.

Char. And is that ſtrange, Sir when I come with Shakeſpeare in my hand; a maſter who teaches the whole hiſtory of the paſſions? His keen and ardent eye in a fine frenzy rolling, pierced into the ſecret chambers of the heart where the paſſions ſlumber; and woke them, as he ſwept his lyre divine to all their changeful moods of pain and joy, till kindled up madneſs, or to ecſtaſy; but when he touches upon love, though the flaſh be momentary, it reſembles lightning, ſuddenly rifting the ſurface of the earth, and diſcloſing the radiant portal of a diamond quarry.

Crev. Were I to wiſh to another laurel on the grave of of Shakeſpeare, it ſhould be planted by the hand of ſo charming a commentator.

Char. Sir, there is a laurel already planted on his grave by one of our ſex, which will flouriſh till the ſpirit of his genus, and his writings are no more remembered—

but to the point—I have pronounc'd you in love; now let me know who your miſtreſs is?

Crev. Madam, I dare not.

Char. Dare not! Is that a ſoldier's phraſe? Courage, man; there is nothing impoſſible to ſpirit and perſeverance; beſides, the more difficulties lay in the road to your miſtreſs, the better ſhe'll like you for ſurmounting them.

Crev. But ſuppoſe there was a difficulty not to be ſurmounted!

Char. If your miſtreſs does not diſlike you, I know of no other difficulty which is not to be ſurmounted.

Crev. But even preſuming that were the caſe, which I have by no means reaſon to imagine, I cannot think of her without condemning myſelf.

Char. Is ſhe ſo much beaneath you?

Crev. She's above my praiſe, and above my hopes.

Char. If ſhe deſerves all this adoration, ſhe never will think herſelf above a man of merit.

Crev. Then, Madam, you don't think marrying for love entirely out of faſhion?

Char. I never would marry for any thing elſe.

Cev (*Aſide*) Then I'm undone; ſhe loves the man for whom ſhe is intended; and the aſſurance of that I have now received from her own lips, was meant as a reproach to a paſſion ſhe has diſcovered, in ſpite of all my efforts to conceal it.

Char. [*Seeing his diſorder*] What's the matter, Sir?

Crev. I fear, Madam, I only interrupt your ſtudies. [*going.*

Char. How can you talk ſo! I don't know any one whoſe converſation, on ſo ſhort an acquaintance, is ſo agreeable to me; this laſt has been particularly intereſting.

Crev. It is plain from the ſarcaſm of that reply, that ſhe underſtands me—but I am juſtly puniſhed for my apoſtacy to honour, in daring to think of her. [*Aſide.*

Char. He appears confuſed and embarraſſed all of a ſudden; I fear my vanity has betrayed me too far, and that I have been miſtaken in the object of his affections. [*Aſide.*

Crev. I have not power to ſpeak to her. [*Aſide.*

Char. No no; I'm not the object. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Colonel wishes to see you immediately.

Crew. What a release from torture! (*Aside.*) I shall wait on him. (*Exit Servant.*) Madam your most obedient etc. [*Exit.*

Manet Charlotte.

Char. So I have as good as sold a man I like him, who it is plain, is in love with another woman: unhappy Charlotte!

Enter Sir Olivet (*Speaks as he comes in.*)

Sir O. Charlotte!

Char. Sir.

Sir O. Sir! How melancholy a monosyllable comes from a woman's mouth; it sounds as dismal as a single bell after a full peal. But, Charlotte, what's the matter? I never saw you so thoughtful before: I hope it is not your intended marriage that makes you uneasy.

Char. I never gave me an uneasy moment. I had made up my mind on the subject.

Sir O. Well; well; let the matter rest then: however I must confess I should like to see my girl well married and settled before I left the world.

Char. I don't think I shall ever marry.

Sir O. Never marry!

Char. No.

Sir O. Confound those monosyllables! Charlotte, let me have no more of them; the laconic style does not become you: I wonder from whom you take it; for my part I'm fond of the figure of amplification in discourse; and I'm sure your mother deals in an eloquence, copious at times, even to redundancy.

Char. Sir, I have not spirits for conversation.

Sir O. I am surprised at that, when you have every thing your own way: you won't marry this body, nor you won't marry t'other; and I, like an easy, indulgent old soul, humour you in every thing, fond as I am of contradiction.

Char. Hav'nt you all's one as held me up to sale to the highest bidder?—I was first intended for Mr. Mandeville, next destined to Colonel Talbot's new found heir.

Sir O. His new-found bear you shou'd say; but Charlotte, Charlotte, how uncandid you are! when I proposed the last match I had not seen the man.

Char. Sir, you change your mind so often, and hand me about in so extraordinary a manner, that I shall become a topic for public redicule.

Sir O. Well, and if I do change my mind often, isn't it for your good? As one project starts up in my mind better than another, in order to take advantage of that, I must naturally contradict myself. The Spanish proverb says, a wise man often changes his mind, a fool never.

Char. According to that proverb you should be a second Solomon: who you intend for me next I cannot possibly guess; but as I never will marry without your consent, I trust it will not be deemed undutiful, if I always retain a negative to myself, in a matter which so nearly concerns my happiness as the choice of a husband. [*Exit.*

Sir O. I fear, like all great projectors and politicians, I refine too much; I spin the wires that compose my net so fine, that though they answer the purpose of deceiving the eye, when their strength is tried, a touch breaks them. —What's to be done? she actually sets my authority at defiance; but this comes of rich uncles leaving fat legacies to their nieces; it converts a father into a cypher.

Enter Lady Oldstock *and* Harriet.

Lady O. Sir Oliver, Sir Oliver, the whole world is condemning you.

Sir O. So much the better? a quarter of the world never was right, but the whole is always wrong; you have

brought me this good news, I ſuppoſe, knowing I was out of ſpirits.

Har. To contract for me, without my knowledge, and with an utter ſtranger too! as if I had not the common privilege of a thinking rational creature!

Sir O. Ecod I think you have too much of that privilege: why, you ungrateful minx, do you fly in my face for endeavouring to get a count for you.

Lady O. A count! A ſtrange kind of count—the fellow made love to me.

Sir O Then indeed muſt he be a ſtrange kind of count.

Lady O. I ſhall ſue for a ſeparate maintenance.

Har. And I ſhall ſue for the little property my father left in his hands.

Sir O. Damn it, ſince you have begun, come, fire away from both ſides, volley after volley; don't ſpare me, I'll make you raiſe the ſiege at laſt; contradiction's my element, as fire is the Salamander's. I can't have too much of it; my opinion is impregnable.

Har. It's in vain to ſpeak to him.

Lady O. Speak to him, child! now he's in all his glory.

Sir O. Hobbs maintains that the whole world is in a ſtate of warfare, and I believe him. [*Speaking to himſelf.*

Lady O. I ſay, Sir Oliver, are you deaf?

Sir O. But it is a wiſe law in nature.

Har. Dear uncle, will you liſten to me?

Sir O. Oppoſition calls forth the latent powers of the mind.

La O. Was there ever any thing ſo provoking!

Sir O. Your greateſt men have been form'd by difficulties.

Har. Every moment is big with danger to my happineſs.

Sir O. Methinks I now reſemble the memorable column, of Engliſh infantry at Fontenoy, marching down between two forts, with all their batteries playing upon it: whiz, fly the ſmall ſhot from the left; and bang go the great guns from the right; but on we march, firm as a wedge; without confuſion, without diſorder, without diſmay; and quit the field of battle with honour. [*Exit.*

Har. My principal fear, is a quarrel between Count Pierpoint and Mr. Mandeville.

La O. You had better speak to his friend, Captain Crevelt; for my part, I have no influence with the Count.

Har. Dear aunt, how can you talk thus; So fine a woman will never lose her influence.

La O. Pray Harriet, have you ever read that elegant fellow St. Evremond's account of the lovely Ninon; She who retain'd her beauty and power of fascination to the age of eighty?

Har. I have never read S. Evremond, Madam.

La O. Then you have read nothing: he was the intimate friend of Fontaine, Racine, and Corneille all the great men of his time valued his friendship: but what most endears him to me, was his esteem for the lovely Ninon.—I shall never forget one of her letters, in which she mentions her first wearing spectacles; but, said that charming woman, as I had always a grave look, spectacles become me.

Har. I declare, aunt, I have always thought the same of you, when I have seen you with your spectacles on.

La O. But you're mistaken, Harriet, if you suppose I wear spectacles from any necessity I have for them—I wear them by way of prevention.

Har. As I hope to live, here comes the Count; he'll teaze me to death if I stay—I never saw you look so well, aunt.

La O. You may go, Harriet, and find Captain Crevelt—I'll once more try my influence with this Frenchman.

[*Exit* Harriet.

Enter Count Pierpoint.

La O. Well, Count; I hope you have chang'd your opinion since our last conversation, and that you're become a little more Anglicised.

Count. Eh bien! Madam, je ne puis pas comprendre, I no understand.

La O. Why, we have chang'd characters; you can't understand me now, and I couldn't understand you before: but, Count, I'd advise you to consider you are in England; and tho' it may be the etiquette in France to treat a married

lady with as much attention as a single, it is in this country of jealous circumspection, very dangerous: it is almost sufficient to cause a separation.

Count. Ah, Madam! have a some pity on those whom your charms enslave, quand l'amour est dans le cœur; il ait l'esprit comme lui meme? dat is, ven love is in de heart, he make a dey understand blind as himself, by Gar.

La. O. The French are certainly the most agreeable people in the world; if they transgress, they make reparation with so good a grace, that it's delightful to be on good or bad terms with them.

Count. I made von grand faux pas; but like good general, me vil profit by my loss. [*Aside.*]—Madam Oldstock is vat you call von grand bastion, or outwork: I will take a that first & la petite citadel, Madamoiselle Harriet, follow of course, by Gar.

La. O. Well Count, I forgive you; but it's on condition that you are more circumspect in future.

Enter Sir Oliver *at the back of the Stage.*

Sir. O. If I cou'd lay my hand on Burn's justice in the library, that wou'd set me right: but I think it's a question for gentleman of the common law.—Eh! what's all this.

[*Seeing the Count and Lady O.*

Count. Madam, permettez moi baiser votre main; I must kiss a your von pretty hand in sing of reconciliation.

[*Kissing her hand.*

Sir O. I was thinking of the common law; but here promises to arise a question for gentleman of the civil law.

La. O. Jealousy, Count. is a tree of English growth.

Sir O. It may be a tree of English growth; but it's a tree would never flourish, if a taste for French gardening did not so often make the branches sprout.

Count. Mon Dieu! quelle grand disproportion in your age and the Chevalier Oldstock!

La. O. When a woman marries very young, my Lord, a dozen years difference is nothing in the age of a husband.

Sir O. A dozen years! Damme, if there's a dozen months between us.

La. O. That's a most beautiful brilliant, Count on your

finger—I think I never saw so large a one: the rich cluster of its rays cast a light actually celestial.

Sir O. If that poor diamond cou'd speak now, perhaps we'd find it was not very celestially come by.

Count. To reconcile me complete, permettez moi to make you von present.

La O. Dear Count, I cannot think of accepting a ring of such immense value—No, no, Count, I am not such an infant as to wish to possess every thing that I admire.

Sir O. No, to be sure, you an't.—Why Count' how is all this? [*Coming forward.*

La O. Oh! heaven's Sir Oliver?

Sir O. Yes, my Lady; does the great disproportion of our years frighten you?

Count. Upon my vord, Monsieur Oldstock, this is not behave with your usual politesse.

Sir O. Why, what the devil, man! aren't you content with one of my chickens, but you must have my old hen to the bargain?

La O. Old hen!

Sir O. Yes, my Lady; when I had you first you were no pullet,

La O. Now there will be no end to his suspicions.

Sir O. Ecod, I think this is putting suspicion out of the question.—Well, my Lady, what have you to say for yourself? You ask'd me if I wasn't deaf; now are you dumb? —Damn it say something, if it's only to contradict me.

Count. Monsieur Oldstock, je suis—I am your very good friend.

Sir O. You are Count; and, what's more, I find you're my wife's friend.

La O. Sir Oliver, conscious as I am of the purity of my thoughts, I cou'd look down with contempt on every extravagance to which your jealous temper hurries you: but when I consider how the fairest reputations are every day injur'd from the slightest foundations—if it shou'd creep into the public prints—

Sir O. Then I'll give you a little comfort—nobody will believe it.

La O. The cool malignity of his temper is even more

provoking than his jealousy—I can't bear to have been all my life reproach'd for nothing. [*Exit.*

Count. Monsieur Oldstock.

Sir O. Count Pierpoint, no apologies: I am not at all angry with you, nor do I entertain any suspicion of my wife—Love of admiration is her ruling passion; and as long as she lives, she'll fancy herself an object of that admiration.

Count. Vous saves tres bien my passion pour Mademoiselle Harriet.

Sir O. I know every thing—I now see your view, in all this attention to Lady Oldstock: you imprudently made her your enemy, not knowing her character; but you have very wisely rectified your mistake.—You see, Count, I'm a keen old fellow; I haven't liv'd for nothing so many years in the world.

Count. Mon Dieu; vous etes un Machiavel.

Sir O. Come along, Count.—But before you go how do you think your friend Colonel Talbot stands affected as to matrimony? Do you imagine, if a fine girl was thrown to his way, that he'd marry her?

Count. Nothing more like, on my vord; il est un homme de gallantrie? sans dout he has a de son, if that be no objection.

Sir O. Objection! he shou'd marry for that very reason, and get more sons, if it was only to convince the world that he has mended his hand in the business.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE, *continues at* Mandeville's

Enter Harriet *and* Charlotte.

Harriet.

I AM half love in with Count Pierpoint for his noble be-

haviour—The moment matters were properly explain'd to him, he withdrew his claim instantly—Well, I never more will hear the French spoken ill of; they carry the point of honour to a pitch of heroism—but, Charlotte, what is the matter? Your spirits are intolerably depressed!

Char. You only fancy so from the unusual gaiety of your own.

Har. I have a great mind to send Captain Crevelt to you; you are just fit company for each other: two moping, melancholy fools.

Char. From some conversation I have had with him, I take it that he is in love.

Har. And I fancy I have a fair friend much in the same situation.

Char. He leaves town to day.

Har. Unless you issue your sovereign commands to the contrary.

Char. My sovereign commands! How you trifle: what influence have I over him?

Har. That influence which a beautiful woman will always have over a man of exquisite sensibility—Mandeville told me he was eternally talking of you.

Char. Talking of me! Lord, I wonder what the man can have to say about me!

Har. Oh! a thousand handsome things, I dare say: but if you wish to be satisfied as to the particulars, you may have them from the gentleman's own mouth, for here he comes; so I'll leave you together.

Char. Then you will be so ill natured?

Har. Good natured, sweet cousin.— [*Exit.*

Char. Eternally talking of me! Whence, then arose his sudden coldness and reserve, when I but too plainly discovered my partiality for him? Yet I may have been mistaken; a mind possessed of so much delicacy as his, might have deemed it criminal to address me on the score of love, at a time he thought I was intended for the son of his friend, Colonel Talbot—it is, it must be so—the pulses of my heart quicken at the thought—but he's here.

Enter Crevelt.

Crev. Miſs Oldſtock, as I mean to quit town this evening, and poſſibly may never ſee you again, I am come to ſolicit the honour of a few minutes converſation.

Char. Never ſee me again! I hope you are not going back again to India,

Crev. No, madam, that is not my intention.

Char. Oh! then I underſtand you; it is that compound of every female excellence, of whom you ſpoke to me in ſuch raptures, who is the cauſe of your leaving us.

Crev. I own it, Madam.

Char. But you talk'd of never ſeeing me again; is your miſtreſs that jealous creature as to exact ſuch a promiſe from you!

Crev. No, Madam; that is puniſhment I voluntarily inflict upon myſelf.

Char. You do ſay the moſt gallant things, with the moſt ſombre countenance; your wit and face, Captain Crevelt, are the diamond and its foil; the dark ſhade of the one, lends a more vived glow to the other's ſparkling brilliancy:—what an alteration the preſence of your miſtreſs wou'd make in your looks— cou'd you look thus in her preſence?

Crev. In the preſent ſtate of my heart, I could not look otherwiſe.

Char. No! not if ſhe ſmil'd upon you?

Crev. A ſmile from her wou'd raiſe me from deſpair: but that, Madam—Confuſion! yonder I ſee Colonel Talbot; this is the ſecond time to day he has found me in earneſt converſation with her.

Char. I didn't think it poſſible till now, Colonel Talbot cou'd put me out of temper.

Crev. Will he not ſuſpect that I am meanly ſtealing myſelf upon her affections, and atribute her diſlike of his ſon to me?—But he comes; I cannot meet his eye in the preſent ſtate of my feelings,—Adieu, dear Miſs Oldſtock!

Char. But are we never to meet again?

Crev. It is a ſacrifice, Madam, that pierces, and widows my heart for ever; but honour and gratitude demand it.

Enter Colonel Talbot.

Col. Wasn't that Captain Crevelt, Miſs Oldſtock that parted from you?

Char. Yes Sir; he has juſt taken his leave of me, and ſaid I ſhall never ſee him again.

Col. There is a refinement in Crevelt's temper, that to ſtrangers makes his conduct at times appear very unaccountable; but I fancy I have diſcovered the cauſe of this extraordinary reſolution.

Char. And ſure, Sir, you can prevail upon him to alter it?

Col. Then my lovely girl wiſhes he ſhould alter his reſolution?

Char. Oh, Sir! is it poſſible to be acquainted with ſo noble, ſo accompliſh'd, ſo brave a youth, and not eſteem him? Never ſee me more!—

Col. It is as I ſuſpected; and, indeed, as I wiſh; for who but Crevelt is worthy of ſuch a woman? —(*Aſide.*) I hope, Miſs Oldſtock, you are now perfectly convinced, that I wou'd not purchaſe the greateſt earthly happineſs at the price of your peace of mind—highly as my pride, and natural affection wou'd be gratified to call you daughter, I truſt I can turn my eye with manly firmneſs from the bright, the flattering proſpect; and reſign'd to the diſpenſations of a Power who never afflicts his creature but for wiſe and good purpoſes, point out a man in every reſpect but birth and fortune deſerving of you.

Char. Birth and fortune, Colonel! deſpicable diſtinctions? when nature aſſerts her ſuperior claims to reverence, by ennobling the ſpirit, how low it lays the inſolence of anceſtry, and humbles the vanity of wealth.

Col. Madam, your words penetrate my very ſoul; with an aching, joyleſs heart, I look back to thoſe imaginary ſcenes of happineſs, fancy had painted in meeting with a ſon; the only pledge of love from the firſt object of my affections,

and whoſe image ſtill warms this deſolated boſom—Birth! when I ſurvey my own offspring, and behold poor Crevelt, I am aſham'd to think ſo empty a thing as family pride had ever any influence over me.

Char. But you will prevail upon him to alter his reſolution?

Col. On one condition, Madam.

Char. What is that Colonel?

Col. That you will receive him as my adopted ſon—Your father's objections I will remove, by making him your equal in fortune.

Char. I don't know how to thank you Colonel; but, perhaps, he's already gone.

Col. Gone, without ſeeing me firſt, impoſſible! but what ſays my ſweet girl to the propoſal I have made her?

Char. You are ſo good, ſo diſintereſted, and ſo generous, that it is impoſſible not to acquieſce in any propoſal of your's: but yet I will not make you an abſolute promiſe; mind that, Colonel; till I find you have effectually accompliſhed my requeſt, and induced Captain Crevelt to alter his reſolution. [*Exit.*

Col. Luckily, Sir Oliver has taken a very great liking to him; and told me that he wou'd inſiſt upon his paſſing a few days at his houſe, previous to viſiting his relations. —Tho' Crevelt poſſeſſes the ſpirit of a lion, there is a gentleneſs and flexibility in his nature, which cannot reſiſt ſolicitation from a friend—Oh, my heart, be ſtill! tho' I am denied happineſs in that quarter whence I fondly expected it, let me enjoy it as Heaven thinks proper to beſtow the boon, by exerting my beſt efforts to impart it to the truly deſerving.

Enter Count and Mandeville.

Count. J'eſpere, Monſieur Mandeville, you are perfectly ſatisfy—ſur mon honneur, had I known Mademoiſelle Harriet was engage, I never wou'd pay I'addreſſe.

Man. I believe it, Count; and hope you will forgive the warmth, I was at firſt betrayed into.

Count. Mon Dieu! il eſt l'eververſcence d'un grande ame; no brave man ever reſign ſa maitreſſe avec ſang froid.

Col. Now, Mandeville, to completely remove your fears in regard to Harriet, know, I have made your peace with her uncle—wou'd you believe it! he actually propoſed his daughter to me—however by the dint of argument, added to the influence of an old friendſhip, I at laſt brought him to reaſon.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir O. Colonel, Colonel, is this ſtrick obſervance of treaty? the carriages are waiting for us at the door—were we not all to ſet off for my houſe immediately; did you not promiſe to paſs ten days with me when you had contradicted me into conſent at laſt?

Count. Monſieur Oldſtock, your neice was very pretty to be ſure; mais, mon Dieu! votreſille be very pretty auſſi; me underſtand ſhe ville not marry young Monſieur Talbot, & mon ami the Colonel will not have her—eh bien, vat you ſay to me for von huſband.

Sir O. With all my heart and ſoul, Count—I don't know a French gentleman of a long time I have taking ſuch a liking to—damn me! if you have not a fine roaſt-beef countenance.

Col. I fancy, Count, that lady's affections are alſo engaged.

Count. je ſuis tres malheureux! all de Engliſh lady be engaged! but me be not ſurprized; for if de foreigner ſet ſo much valne on de Engliſh lady, vat muſt their own countrymen who know them better, do;

Sir O. Why, what the deuce, Colonel, is all this? You won't marry my daughter yourſelf; you won't ſuffer your ſon, whatever her inclinations may be, to marry her; and now you put the Count againſt her.

Col. Will you leave the lady to her own choice?

Sir O. The worſt of it is, I muſt do that—Count, a word in your ear—to her yourſelf—you're a dev'liſh ſtraight, well-looking fellow; no appearance of frogs about you, except upon your coat—I ſhou'd like to ſee an union

between France and England, if it were only becauſe it has been ſo long thought a contradiction in politics.

Count. I wiſh it vid all my heart. [*Exit,*

Col. How unſubſtantial are all the projects of man, in whatever hope flatters him with happineſs — this unhappy boy diſtracts me!

Sir O. Damn me! if I wou'dn't ſend him down into Wales or Yorkſhire—for about fifteen pounds a year, you may get him decently boarded and clad and educated into the bargain.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. I have been in ſearch of Mr. Talbot, Sir, ſince you ſpoke to me; and have juſt heard that he is gone to one Jacob Wilkins's, an innkeeper near Smithfield.

Col. I am expoſed, you ſee, already.

Sir O. It's your own fault if you continue to be expoſed; come along Colonel; yonder I ſee Captain Crevelt putting the women into the carriages: We'll drive round by this Wilkins's; and take this young mohawk by ſurpriſe; the moment you get poſſeſſion of him, baniſh him into Wales.

Col. I will my ſelf go in perſon to Wilkins's; and from his own lips learn every particular reſpecting this unhappy youth, from the hour I left him in his care; and as you propoſe going home that way, Sir Oliver, I will treſpaſs ſo far upon your patience as to requeſt you will wait for me whilſt I make this inquiry.

Mand. Dear Sir, don't make yourſelf ſo unhappy,

Col, What is there wealth can purchaſe I cannot poſſeſs; my feelings are at once a ſatire, and a leſſon to avarice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Room at* Jacob Wilkins's.

Johnſon *and Mrs* Wilkins *diſcovered at Tea.*

Mrs. Wilk. I'm ſure I ſhall never forget the firſt time I was in this room; where you ſee Mr. Wilkins has his

Honor the Colonel's picture up—dear heart, what a handſome man he is! it's a great pity he does not marry.

Johnſ. He's very much altered—conſider, it's many years ſince that picture was painted; his face is parched to the complexion of an old drum head, and his hair is perfectly ſilver

Mrs. Wilk. What effect ſilver hair may have upon your great Ladies I will not pretend to ſay; but this I'll ſwear to; bait your hook properly with gold, and a poor girl is a trout you may take with a ſingle hair of any colour. If it was not for his money, do you think I'd ever have married old Jacob Wilkins?

Johnſ. Why no, I hardly think you wou'd; but why, my dear creature, has his name eſcaped your lips? ſhou'd he poſſeſs ſuch a treaſure! the man worthy of you ſhould always meet you with the ardour of a lover, and dart as I do with tranſport into your arms.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Oh! madam! madam! my maſter is come home, and is raving like mad at your leaving the bar, and drinking tea up ſtairs.

Mrs. Wilk. He doesn't know I have any body with me?

Bett. Lord! ma'am, to be ſure he doesn't; I told him you were not well, and that you found the bar too cold for you.

Mrs. Wilk. You're an excellent girl

Johnſ. How the devil will you get me out?

Bett. I hear his cough at the foot of the ſtairs—dear Madam, he's coming up.

Johnſ. S'death I'll run and ſhut myſelf up in that little room yonder.

Mrs Wilk By no means! that's our own bed chamber; his bureau is in it; and as he pays his brewer to day, perhaps it's there he's going now for money.

Bet. I have it Madam; I'll let down this window curtain, and the gentleman may get behind it; if my maſter aſks why it is down, you may ſay you were ſo ill, the light was too much for you.

[*Drops the window curtain before* Johnſon.

Mrs. Wilk. Such a ſervant is worth her weight in gold.

Bett. Here, Madam; tie this handkerchief about your head; appear very bad indeed there, Madam, let him come now when he pleaſes, we are ready for him.

[*Exit* Betty.

Enter Wilkins *and* Amber.

Wilk. So, Mr. Amber; you have a curioſity to ſee the upper part of my houſe; you can't think how pleaſant it is; my wife can tell you what a proſpect there is on my upper ſtory.

Amber. Poor Mrs. Wilkins is quite muffled up; ſhe's very bad, poor woman; I'm ſorry we diſturb her.

Wilk. Why, Fanny, my love, what's the matter? you were very well when I went out.

Mrs. Wilk. I have been ſeized all of a ſudden, with ſuch a terrible pain in one ſide of my face I can hardly get my words out.

Wilk. I am ſorry to hear this, Fanny—but what wiſeacre has let this curtain down? I can't bear to ſhut out the light of a fine day.

Mrs. Wilk. Has the brute a mind to be the death of me? [*Seizing him by the arm.*

Wilk. Will it do you any good to keep me in the dark?

Mrs. Wilk. To be ſure it will when I can't bear the light.

Amber. Friend Wilkins, friend Wilkins, the light is too much for her.

Mrs. Wilk. You're a conſiderate man Mr. Amber, and I dare ſay make an excellent huſband.

Wilk. Well, well, then let the curtain remain down—come, Fanny, give your old Jacob a kiſs.

Mrs. Wilk. I'm too fond of you, Jacob, and you take advantage of that.

Wilk. No, but I don't—kiſs me again, you fond fool, it will do you good.

Amber. Ah! you're a happy couple; but you take the right method to be ſo, by giving way to one another.

Wilk. But now we are up-ſtairs, friend Amber, ſit down, and I'll go bring ſome money out of the next room and pay you.

Mrs. Wilk. I beg of you, Jacob, to take him down ſtairs and pay him; even your talking ſets my head diſtracted.

Wilk. My dear, I ſha'nt be two minutes ſettling with him; it will affront him if you turn him out of the room; you ſhall have the place to yourſelf immediately.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Betty.

Bett. Madam, you're undone; if you don't come down-ſtairs immediately; Ned, the new waiter, ſaw Mr. Johnſon, and he as good as told me he'd acquaint my maſter.

Mrs. Wilk. What ſhall I do? I'm afraid to leave the room.

Bett, You needn't ſtop a minute; it's only ſqueezing Ned's hand, and ſlipping a ſly half-guinea into it, and all will be right.

Mrs. Wilk. Oh! Betty, I wiſh he was well out of the houſe—you'll excuſe me, Mr. Amber, a little; I'm wanted down-ſtairs.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Wilkins *and* Betty.

Amb. Don't notice me, child, buſineſs muſt be minded; but let me ſee; ſuppoſe I ſign my receipt, and have it ready for him.

[*Taking out his pocket-book and inkhorn.*

Enter Wilkins.

Wilk. Here is the money, my old boy; have you got your receipt ready?

Amb. I was going to ſign it; but my eyes are ſo dim I can't ſee with that curtain down.

Wilk. As my wife's not here to complain of the light, I'll draw it up for you. [*Draws up the curtain.*

Amb. That will do, I ſee plain enough now.

Wilk. And ſo do I too — Oh! the Jezable.

Enter Mrs. Wilkins.

Mrs. Wilk. Ruined!

Amb. My dear Mr. Wilkins I beg ten thouſand pardons

for letting ſo much light into the room, but I declare I cou'd not ſee to write my receipt.

Wilk. Well, Mr. Johnſon! what brought you here; what have you to ſay for yourſelf; are you come to rob my houſe?

Amb. Oh! oh! I fear the dimneſs of my eyes have made others too clear ſighted—but, friend Wilkins, don't be too haſty in judging.

Wilk. S'death and fire, man, ſhan't I believe my own eyes?

Amb. Not always—we are all apt to be ſuſpicious at times—I'll wiſh you a good evening—there is my receipt: the fondeſt couples will ſpar now and then—but I never like to meddle in family quarrels.—Wilkins, you certainly have a fine proſpect on your upper ſtory.—Good evening, good Mrs. Wilkins. [*Exit.*

Wilk. Go, Madam; pack up your alls; and leave my houſe immediately; if you are in want of a morſel of bread, it wou'd give me pleaſure to refuſe it to you. As for you, Sir, I'll take care your buſineſs ſhall be done with Colonel Talbot—I'll ſee you both beggars, and that will be ſome ſatisfaction to me.

Enter Servant

Serv. Colonel Talbot is coming up ſtairs, Sir, to ſpeak to you.

Johns. Confuſion! I'm undone!

Enter Colonel Talbot!

Col. Johnſon, here I

Wilk. Yes, Sir, Johnſon; your worthy gentleman is here on a viſit to that wretch my wife.

Mrs. Wilk. Wretch, Mr. Wilkins!

Wilk. Yes, Madam, an ungrateful wretch.

Col. I'm ſorry, Johnſon—for this; I was given to underſtand you were come in ſearch of my ſon.

Mrs. Wilk. Wretch! I'll discover all, if I'm ruined for ever. (*Aside.*) He's not your son, Sir—

[*Going up to the Colonel.*

Wilk. Devil! Devil! what is she going to say;

Col. Not my son! speak again, woman.

Wilk. But dear Colonel, sure you won't believe what this wicked woman will say?

Col. Away, villain, and let me hear her—alarmed nature starts up in my heart, and opens a thousand ears to listen to her.

Mrs. Wilk. He lost your son, Sir, when he was a boy of twelve years old; and you may be sure, Sir, it wasn't the kindest usage made the child leave him; the booby he palmed upon you is his own. What a terrible thing it is to lose my character, when I sent for Mr. Johnson for no other reason, I'm sure, but to tell him every thing; and for fear he might not believe me, I hid him behind that curtain, that he might hear my husband himself confess it.

[*Sobs and cries.*

Johns. [*Coming forward*] This is the real state of circumstances, I assure your Honour.

Col. Unprincipled, inhuman villain! let me hear the whole truth from your own lips, or by every power that's sacred and divine, this moment is your last.

Wilk. Dear Sir, put up your sword, and I'll tell you every thing.—What she says is partly true; your son strayed from me when he was about twelve years old; but had he been my own, I cou'dn't have used him better: as a proof of it, his mother, in her last illness, came, as she often did, privately to see him, and was so well pleased with my wife's and my treatment of her son, that she gave me a fifty-pound Bank note. — I shall never forget the day; it was the last time I ever saw her: she hung a small picture of herself, set in gold, about the child's neck, and wept bitterly over him.

Col. Can you produce that picture?

Wilk. Your son took it with him; he was so fond of it, I cou'd never keep it out of his hands but by locking it up; which I sometimes did, as the severest of all punishments I cou'd inflict upon him.

Col. I muſt have better proof if this tale is true before I let you eſcape that juſtice I fear is due to your wickedneſs. — Johnſon, take him from my ſight, and let him be ſecur'd, I cannot bear to look at him. — Tell the company waiting for me in carriages at the door, to come in: for I am ſo agitated, and anxious for more particulars, I cannot quit this deteſted ſpot.

Johnſ. They are here, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Johnſon, Wilkins, *and wife.*

Enter Crevelt, Mandeville, Charlotte, Harriet, *Sir* Oliver, *Lady* Oldſtock, *and Count.*

Crev. Dear Sir, what is the matter? Obſerving a confuſion in the houſe immediately after you went in, we were alarmed at your ſafety.

Col. Oh, Crevelt! I am the unhappieſt of fathers; that creature whom you all ſuppoſe my ſon is not ſo.

Char. Good fortune be prais'd!

Col. He's ſon to the fellow who keeps this houſe — He ſays, my poor child ſtray'd from him when a boy; but this tale is ſo improbable, that I rather fear he has fall'n a victim to this fellow's villainy and avarice.

Crev. Dear Sir, compoſe yourſelf, and hope human nature cannot be ſo deprav'd; it wrings my heart to ſee you in this diſtreſs — But who is this villain?

Col. His name is Wilkins. — When I committed my child to his care, he lived at Henly: he pretends he loſt him at twelve years old; and, oh! agony to think! if he, indeed, be living, he is, at this moment, a wandering out, caſt, and a beggar.

Crev. Merciful heaven! What do I hear? Can it be poſſible! Shall I, in my lov'd and honour'd patron, find a fond and living father! Sir, did that man loſe a ſon of yours at twelve years of age?

Col. Yes, Crevelt; I have no ſon but you now.

Crev. I am your ſon, Sir — your happy ſon! that ſon you loſt.

Col. You! You, Crevelt!

Crev. Yes, Sir, the veteran, whose name I bear, took me with him at the age you mention from Henly; where I lived with the man you have just named, whom I always thought my father; it was the pride of poor Crevelt's heart to have me believed his son: I bore his name, and publicly acknowledged him as my father; for you, Sir, could not have lov'd me better; his dying request to me was, still to retain the name of Crevelt, and never forget the man who made me a soldier.

Char. O! Harriet. There is a cord of delight in my heart never touch'd before: and sure, he who made that heart, now moves its springs to ecstasy by the finger of an angel.

Col. He talk'd of your taking with you a picture of your mother — had you ever any such thing!

Crev. I have it still, Sir, and ever wore it next my heart. (*Producing the picture from his bosom.*) You see the frame is shattered; — it was by a masquet-ball the day every body thought I was kill'd.

Ca. It is indeed your mother; and see here those specks under the eye; are they my child's blood, or the tears of a fond parent?

Johnson *to* Caleb *without.* You must not come in; I have already explained every thing sufficiently.

Enter Caleb (*very abruptly*) *and* Johnson.

Ca. I tell you I will come in: zounds! will nobody father me?

Col. Young man, you have been deceived; you are Wilkins's son, not mine.

Ca. Pho, pho! Father, do you think I know no better?

Johns. If you don't come out this moment, and no longer disturb my master, I'll take you by the shoulder.

Ca. Why here's a fellow for you — forgets he is talking to a captain!

Col. That is a rank you are so utterly unfit for, that it would only expose you to unhappiness and ridicule; therefore your commission shall be sold; and for being one day

my ſon, the purchaſe-money ſhall be appropriated to ſetting you up in buſineſs.

Johnſ. Well, what keeps you now?

Ca. You are in a devil of a hurry, Mr. Johnſon: I find I muſt put up with old Jacob again; but let me aſk you one queſtion, an't I to be entitled to half-pay for my ſervices.

Johnſ. You ſhall have full-pay if you don't go about your buſineſs.

[*Shakes his cane at him.*

Ca. Well, if I can't be a half-pay Captain I'll be a no-pay captain — for once a captain and always a captain.

[*Exit* Caleb.

Sir O. Captain Crevelt — I beg your pardon, captain Talbot, give me your hand; you want nothing now but a wife, and if my daughter Charlotte —

Count. Eh bien! Monſieur Chevalier, you have forgot?

Sir O. Why, no Count, I have not forgot; but you muſt know, that whatever my reſpect for you may be, there is not that man living whoſe alliance I ſo much deſire as colonel Talbot's; beſides, I underſtand there is another branch of the family of my mind.

Count. Chevalier, I love and I reſpect the Engliſh, and by gar me will have a wife among you.

Mand. It is not in words to expreſs my pleaſure—to make a boſom friend, and find a near relation, in leſs time than others from a common acquaintance, overflows my heart with tranſport.

Lady O. I could wiſh alſo to ſhew how this affecting diſcovery touches me, if I was not apprehenſive, Sir Oliver of your unfortunate, ſuſpicious temper.

Sir O. Captain Talbot, be ſo good as to ſtep this way —do give my wife a kiſs; I know, my dear, your lips itch for it; and, with all her faults, believe me, ſhe has a heart that beats in uniſon to the feelings of all preſent, and a tear for miſery and friendſhip.

Col. Tal. Miſs Oldſtock, it is your father's wiſh and mine to unite our families — now that I have a ſon I can propoſe to you, there is only your acceptance of him neceſſary to make me happy.

Char. Why, Sir, if the gentleman has but courage to ſpeak for himſelf. —

Sir O. As I don't expect the pleaſure of contradiction from either party on this occaſion, I'll join their hands. (*Joining their hands*) without waiting for an anſwer —— there — Colonel, you are now one of my family,

Col. Tal. That aſſurance, Sir Oliver, ſeals, and completes my happineſs — You Mandeville, ſhall ſhare a portion of my fortune as a ſon, and may happineſs ſtill wait on you and your lovely Harriet; — and now (*Addreſſing the audience*) if this court-martial, to whom we appeal, acquit us with honour, I ſhall bleſs the hour my boy ſaid, *He would be a Soldier.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

Written by the AUTHOR of the COMEDY,

And ſpoken by Mrs. POPE.

NOW Critic, Jove the ſcale aloft ſuſpends;
On whoſe dread beam the poet's fate depends:
Ye gods above, high arbiters of wit,
Who on your ſhilling thrones in council ſit;
You I implore, for our poor bard afraid,
To grant celeſtial, upper-gall'ry aid;
If you approve, with Cato I ſhall cry
The gods take care of poets in the ſky!
As for the ladies — they'll ſure hear my pray'r,
New charms good-nature lends the faireſt fair;
Beſides, I hardly think they can be foes,
To a fond maid who a brave ſoldier choſe.
Who, like a ſoldier, charms the fair one's eyes.
The Queen of beauty was a ſoldier's prize?
In love, as war, the brave man beſt ſucceeds,
Our ſex reveres that valour which it needs.
Ye beaux, ſo finely waiſted now-a-days,
That one wou'd almoſt ſwear you put on ſtays;
You, I confeſs, create no great alarm,
You hav'nt ſpirit to do good, or harm.
But yonder I eſpy ſome dangerous faces;
Good Critics, I entreat your favouring graces:
All I requeſt is, when a fault's ſet down,
Its neighbouring beauty may be told the town;
But after this, if you attempt to growl,
I'll excommunicate you, every ſoul!
In my lawn ſleeves and ſhirt, I'll come ſo big,
In every thing a biſhop, but his wig —
Nay, if you don't, an army I will bring
Of biſhops, who may crown the greateſt king:
Their ſleeves of lawn, the down-wings of the dove;
Their ſaſh, the ceſtus of the Queen of love:
With aid like this, and aid you'll own divine,
Who wou'd not think ſucceſs were ſurely mine?
In anxious hope I wait the dread decree,
That muſt be final both to bard and me.

The following PLAYS sold by ROBERT DUNCAN, *Printer* in GLASGOW.

Duenna.
Cato.
Mourning Bride.
Fair Penitent.
Iſabella.
He would be a Soldier.
Faſhionable Levities.
School for Scandal.
Macbeth.
Seduction.
Incle and Yarico.
Douglas.
Veniſe Preſerv'd.
The Gameſter, a Tragedy.
Clandeſtine Marriage.
Mary Queen of Scots.
Romeo and Juliet.
Suſpicious Huſband.
All in the Wrong.
Falſe Appearances.
Conſcious Lovers.
Priſoner at Large.
Heireſs.
Robin Hood.
The Sword of Peace.
Such Things are.
Merchant of Venice.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA